THE

MINOR THEATRE:

Being a Collection of the most approved

Farces, Operas, and Comedies,

IN

ONE, TWO, AND THREE ACTS.

WITH SOME

ACCOUNT OF THE RESPECTIVE AUTHORS.

VOLUME THE THIRD

CONTAINS

THE CONTRIVANCES,
THE IRISH WIDOW,
THE LYAR,
THE MOCK DOCTOR,
AND
THE LYING VALET.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,
FOR J. PARSONS, N 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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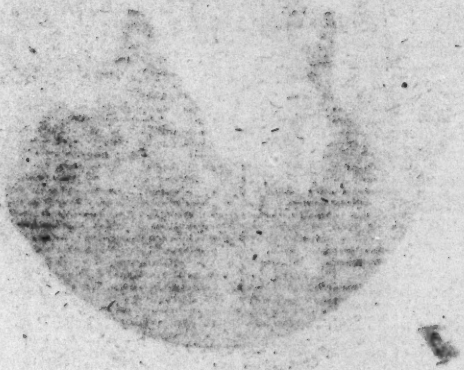
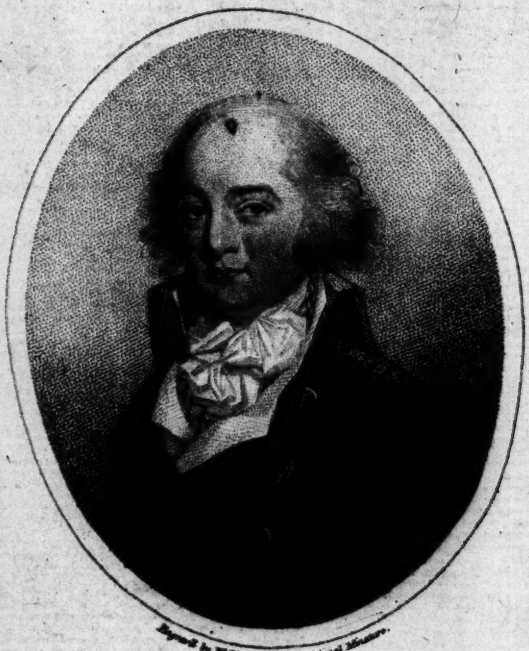


PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.



Engraved by W. Holley, from an Original Miniature.

Mr. WHITFIELD.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row. Feb.y 1794.

THE CONTRIVANCES.

A BALLAD OPERA,

WRITTEN BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

MR. HENRY CAREY.

THIS gentleman, in the early part of his life, wrote and set to music several songs, which were well received by the public. But, notwithstanding his success in this particular instance, he by no means ranked high in general estimation, as a musician.

However expectation might be clouded over in the line of his profession, by the assistance of a fertile invention, Mr. C. struck into a new path, brightened with a promise of more solid advantage. In this pursuit he met with every thing favourable to his designs; and, as a writer for the stage, he has had no reason to repent employing a pen at once marking and characteristic.

Independence, the wished-for end of all labour and study, and the crown of human felicity, notwithstanding the success of his dramatic labours, was as yet removed far from him. Embarrassed in his circumstances, poor Carey was but too frequently under the painful necessity of looking up to the benevolence of friends to support an existence, which, for many years preceding its untimely and mournful close, if looks could speak, and actions testify, appeared to have become a burthen born with disgust and impatience.

Wherever he took his seat in the circles of society, he always experienced that respect which was due to his superior abilities; and before his mind became bewildered and distressed from the cause just mentioned, Mr. Carey was not less valued for his wit and pleasantry, than for that gentle disposition which made every heart his own, and every man his well-wisher.

It was owing to the general esteem in which he was held, that he was enabled to support those expences which are sure to accompany good fellowship, and convivial meetings, followed up in quick succession, and which it is so difficult to abstain from, when once fairly entered into the lists—where the call is wit, humour, and hilarity; and where the ball is kept up with brilliancy and spirit, till the sun of a new day peeps in upon the jovial party, and bids its members depart to their chambers; to the broken slumbers of inebriation; succeeded by the grating re-

lection, the aching head, and the resolve, formed ut to be broken.

The means he had been in the habit of applying o, to repair his broken fortunes, proved in the end nadequate to demands not more considerable than rgent: This preyed upon his spirits, and for a conderable time before death put an end to mortifica-ions and neglects, daily repeated, he became absent, norose, and melancholy. For a while poor Carey ontinued in this unhappy state, more pitied per-aps than relieved by his former companions, who hought no more of professions made at the board f merriment and glee; where he had lavished away hat which would have ministered to the wants of nfirmity and age.

At length, when regrets were too late, and what hey *would have done, could the consequence have been reseen*, was uttered in vain: those, who well remembered his "flashes of wit, that were wont to t the table in a roar," had to strike the pensive osom, and breathe out

"Alas! poor Yorick!"

t his abode in Warner-street, Cold-bath-fields, in he dreary month of October 1743, by means of a ope, this ill-fated gentleman

"Closed the sad life which he had long disdain'd."

Sir John Hawkins remarks, that, "as a poet," Mr. Carey was "the last of that class of which Durfey was the first, with this difference, that in all he songs and poems written by him on Wine, Love, nd such kind of subjects, he seems to have mani-

fested an inviolable regard for decency and good manners." This excellent memorial, from authority so truly respectable, redounds to his honour as a *writer*, and the candid and humane, aware of human infirmities, will pity his errors as a *man*, and wish, with the author of this little account, that "the Recording Angel may drop a tear" over the last sad scene of his mortal existence!

THE CONTRIVANCES.

THIS little opera pleased the town in the year 1715, when it was first represented at Covent-garden Theatre, and notwithstanding the lapse of time, it still retains its attraction on the stage.

Were it, at this period, revived at that little temple of fashion and elegance, the Hay-market Theatre-royal, there is no doubt but, with the aid of such singers as Horace, Bland, and Dignum, and such an admirable personifier of old men as Parsons, or, in his absence, Quet, whose improvement in the line of his profession has in the course of a few seasons been so very rapid, the managers' coffers would be enriched by the trial, and the reputation of the harmonic part of his company (at least) considerably increased. To ensure this point, let Doctor Arnold throw in his aid, in a new air, for the hero, and another for the heroine, of the scene.

At a time, when we subscribe to the merits of this opera, as a subject for the stage, we cannot but give it a hearty welcome as a most pleasing companion for the parlour; where, however brilliant the spirit of the party assembled, that spirit will *at times relax. When this happens, the pleasantries of literature are happily introduced, to dissipate dullness; and, when it is resumed, to give fresh vigour to conversation.*

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Rovewell,	Mr. Incledon
Argus,	Mr. Powell
Hearty,	Mr. Thompson
Robin,	Mr. Munden.

Women.

Betty,	Miss Leserve
Arethusa,	Mrs. Martyr.

THE CONTRIVANCES.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rovewell's Lodgings.*

ROBIN *solus.*

Robin.

WELL, though pimping is the most honourable and profitable of all professions, it is certainly the most dangerous and fatiguing; but of all fatigues here's none like following a virtuous mistress—There's not one letter I carry, but I run the risk of kicking, caning, or pumping, nay, often hanging—Let me see; I have committed three burglaries to get one letter to her—Now, if my master should not get the gipsy at last, I have ventur'd my sweet person to a fair purpose—But, Basta! here comes my master and his friend Mr. Hearty—I must hasten and get our disguises.

And if Dame Fortune falls us now to win her,
Oh, all ye gods above! the devil's in her. [*Exit.*

Enter ROVEWELL *and* HEARTY.

Hear. Why so melancholy, Captain? Come, come, a man of your gaiety and courage shou'd never take a disappointment so much to heart.

Rov. 'Sdeath! to be prevented when I had brought my design so near perfection!

Hear. Were you less open and daring in your attempts, you might hope to succeed——The old gentleman, you know, is cautious to a degree; his daughter under a strict confinement: would you use more of the fox than the lion, Fortune, perhaps, might throw an opportunity in your way—But you must have patience.

Rov. Who can have patience when danger is so near? Read this letter, and then tell me what room there is for patience.

Hearty reads.

" To-morrow will prevent all our vain struggles
" to get to each other.—I am then to be marry'd
" to my eternal aversion; you know the fop, 'tis
" Cuckoo, who, having a large estate, is forc'd up-
" on me; but my heart can be none but Rovewell's.
" Immediately after the receipt of this, meet Betty
" at the old place; there is yet one invention left;
" if you pursue it closely, you may perhaps release
" her who wou'd be your——

" ARETHUSA."

Rov. Yes, Arethusa, I will release thee, or die in the attempt. Dear friend, excuse my rudeness; you know thereason.

AIR.

I'll face ev'ry danger
To rescue my dear,
For fear is a stranger
Where love is sincere.
Repulses but fire us,
Despair we despise,
If beauty inspire us
To pant for the prize. [*Exit.*

Hear. Well, go thy way, and get her; for thou deserv'st her, o' my conscience.—How have I been deceiv'd in this boy! I find him the very reverse of what his step-mother represented him; and am now sensible it was only her ill-usage that forc'd my child away—His not having seen me since he was five years old, renders me a perfect stranger to him—Under that pretence I have got into his acquaintance, and find him all I wish——If this plot of his fails, I believe my money must buy him the girl at last. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber in Argus's house.*

ARETHUSA *sola.*

AIR.

Are. See! the radiant queen of night
Sheds on all her kindly beams;
Gilds the plains with cheerful light,
And sparkles in the silver streams.

Smiles adorn the face of Nature,
Tasteless all things yet appear,
Unto me a hopeless creature,
In the absence of my dear.

Enter ARGUS.

Arg. Pray, daughter, what lingo is that same you chant and sputter out at this rate.

Are. English, Sir.

Arg. English, quotha! adod I took it to be nonsense.

Are. 'Tis a hymn to the moon.

Arg. A hymn to the moon! I'll have none of your hymns in my house—Give me the book, housewife.

Are. I hope, Sir, there is no crime in reading a harmless poem.

Arg. Give me the book, I say; poems, with a pox! what are they good for, but to blow up the fire of love, and make young wenches wanton?—— But I have taken care of you, mistress! for to-morrow you shall have a husband to stay your stomach, and no less a person than 'Squire Cuckoo.

Are. You will not, surely, be so cruel as to marry me to a man I cannot love.

Arg. Why, what sort of a man wou'd you have Mrs. Minx?

AIR.

Are. Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.

Brave, not romantic;
Learn'd, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must be he.
Honour maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical;
But ever true.

Arg. Why, is not Mr. Cuckoo all this? Adod he's a brisk young fellow, and a little feather-bed doctrine will soon put the Captain out of your head; and to put you out of his power, you shall be given over to the squire to-morrow.

Are. Surely, Sir, you will at least defer it one day.

Arg. No, nor one hour——To-morrow morning, at eight of the clock precisely.—In the mean time, take notice the 'squire's sister is hourly expected; so pray do you be civil and sociable with her, and let me have none of your pouts and glouts, as you tender my displeasure. [*Exit.*

Are. To-morrow is short warning; but we may be too cunning for you yet, old gentleman.

Enter BETTY.

O Betty! welcome a thousand times! what news have you seen the Captain?

Betty Yes, Madam; and if you were to see him in his new rigging, you'd split your sides with laughing —Such a hoyden, such a piece of country-stuff, you never set your eyes on—But the petticoats are soon thrown off; and if good luck attends us, you may easily conjure Miss Malkin, the 'squire's sister, into your own dear captain.

Are. But when will they come?

Bet. Instantly, Madam; he only stays to settle matters for our escape. He's in deep consultation with his privy-counsellor Robin, who is to attend him in the quality of a country put——They'll both be here in a moment; so let's in, and pack up the jewels, that we may be ready at once to leap into the saddle of liberty, and ride full speed to your desires.

Are. Dear Betty, let's make haste; I think every moment an age till I'm free from this bondage.

AIR.

When parents obstinate and cruel prove,
And force us to a man we cannot love,
'Tis fit we disappoint the sordid elves,
And wisely get us husbands for ourselves.

Bet. There they are——in, in.

[*A knocking without.*

ARGUS *from above.*

Arg. You're woundy hasty, methinks, to knock at that rate—This is certainly some courtier come to borrow money, I know it by the saucy rapping of the footman——Who's at the door?

Rob. Tummos! [*Without doors.*

Arg. Tummos! who's *Tummos?* Who wou'd you peak with friend?

Rob. With young master's vather-in-law, that mun e, master *Hardguts?*

Arg. And what's your business with master *Hardguts?*

Rob. Why, young mistress is come out o' the ountry to see brother's wife that mun be, that's all.

Arg. Odso, the 'squire's sister; I'm sorry I made er wait so long.

SCENE III. *A Chamber.*

ARGUS *introducing* ROVEWELL *in woman's cloaths, followed by* ROBIN *as a Clown.*

Arg. Save you, fair lady, you're welcome to town. *Rovewell curtseys.*)——A very modest maiden, tru- .—How long have you been in town?

Rob. Why an hour and a bit or so——we just put p horses at King's-Arms yonder, and staid a crum zee poor things feed, for your London ostlers ve little onough to poor beasts; an' you stond not y 'em your zell, and see 'em fed, as soon as your ack's turn'd, adod they'll cheat you afore your ce.

Arg. Why how now, Clodpate? are you to speak efore your mistress, and with your hat on, too? Is at your country breeding?

Rob. Why, an' 'tis on, 'tis on, an' 'tis off, 'tis off what cares Tummos for your false-hearted Lon- n compliments? An' you'd have an answer from

young mistress, you mun look to Tummos; for she's so main bashful, she never speaks one word but her prayers, and thos'n so softly that nobody can hear her.

Arg. I like her the better for that; silence is a heavenly virtue in a woman, but very rare to be found in this wicked place.——Have you seen your brother, pretty lady, since you came to town?—*(Rovewell curtseys)* O miraculous modesty! wou'd all women were thus! Can't you speak, Madam?

[*Rovewell curtseys again.*

Rob. An' you get a word from her, 'tis more nor she has spoken to us these fourscore and seven long miles; but young mistress will prate fast enough, an' you set her among your women volk.

Arg. Say's thou so, honest fellow; I'll send her to those that have tongue enough, I'll warrant you. Here, Betty!

Enter BETTY.

Take this young lady to my daughter; 'tis 'squire Cuckoo's sister; and, d'ye hear, make much of her, I charge you.

Bet. Yes, Sir——Please to follow me, Madam.

Rov. Now, you rogue, for a lie an hour and a half long, to keep the old fellow in suspence. *(Aside to Robin.)* [*Exit with Betty.*

Rob. Well, master! don't you think my mistress a dainty young woman?—She's wonderfully bemir'd in our conntry for her shapes.

Arg. Oh, she's a fine creature, indeed?——But where's the 'squire, honest friend?

Rob. Why, one cannot find a man out in this same Londonshire, there are so many taverns and chocking housen; you may as well syek a needle in a hay ardel, as they say'n i' the country.—I was at 'squire's odging yonder, and there was nobody but a prate pace whorson of a foot-boy, and he told me maister vas at chockling-house, and all the while the vixon lid nothing but taunt and laugh at me:——I'cod I ould have found in my heart to have gi'n him a good hirrit in the chops. So I went to one chockling-ouse, and t'other chockling-house, till I was quite eary; and I could see nothing but a many people upping hot suppings, and reading your gazing pa-ers: we had much ado to find out your worship's ouse; the vixon boys set us o'thick side, and that ide, till we were almost quite lost; an' it were not or an honest fellow that know'd your worship, and et us i'the right way.

Arg. 'Tis pity they should use strangers so; but s to your young mistress, does she never speak?

Rob. Adod, Sir, never to a mon; why, she wo'not peak to her own father, she's so main bashful.

Arg. That's strange, indeed! But how does my riend, Sir Roger? he's well, I hope?

Rob. Hearty still, Sir——He has drunk down six ox-hunters sin last Lammas!——He holds his old ourse still; twenty pipes a-day, a cup of mum in he morning, a tankard of ale at noon, and three ottles of stingo at night. The same mon now he vas thirty years ago; and young squire Yedward is ust come from varsity; lawd, he's mainly grow'd

sin you saw him? he's a fine proper tall gentleman now; why he's near upon as tall as you or I, mun.

Arg. Good now, good now! But would'st drink, honest friend:

Rob. I don't care an' I do, a bit or so; for, to say truth, I'm mortal dry.

Arg. Here, John!

Enter SERVANT.

Take this honest fellow down, and make him welcome. When your mistress is ready to go, we'll call you.

Rob. Ah! pray take care and make much of me, for I am a bitter honest fellow, and you did but know me. [*Exit Robin with Servant.*

Arg. These country fellows are very blunt, but very honest. I would fain hear his mistress talk. He said she'd find her tongue when she was amongst those of her own sex.—I'll go listen for once, and hear what the young tits have to say to one another. [*Exit.*

Enter ROVEWELL, ARETHUSA, *and* BETTY.

Rov. Dear Arethusa, delay not the time thus, your father will certainly come in and surprise us.

Bet. Let us make hay while the sun shines, Madam: I long to be out of this prison.

Are. So do I; but not on the Captain's conditions, to be his prisoner for life.

Rov. I shall run mad if you trifle thus: name your conditions; I sign my consent before-hand.

[*Kisses her.*

Are. Indeed, Captain, I'm afraid to trust you.

AIR.

Cease to persuade,
Nor say you love sincerely;
When you've betray'd,
You'll treat me most severely,
And fly what once you did pursue.
Happy the fair
Who ne'er believes you,
But gives despair,
Or else deceives you,
And learns inconstancy from you.

Rov. Unkind Arethusa! I little expected this usage from you.

AIR.

When did you see
Any falsehood in me
That thus you unkindly suspect me?
Speak, speak your mind;
For I fear you're inclin'd,
In spite of my truth to reject me.
If it must be so,
To the wars I will go,
Where danger my passion shall smother;
I'd rather perish there,
Than linger in despair,
Or see you in the arms of another.

Enter ARGUS *behind.*

Arg. So, so, this is as it should be; they are as gracious as can be already——How the young tit smuggles her! Adod, she kisses with a hearty good-will.

Arc. I must confess, Captain, I am half inclin'd to believe you.

Arg. Captain! how's this! bless my eye-sight! I know the villain now; but I'll be even with him.

Bet. Dear Madam, don't trifle so; the parson's at the very next door, you'll be tack'd together in an instant; and then I'll trust you to come back to your cage again, if you can do it with a safe conscience.

Arg. Here's a treacherous jade! but I'll do your business for you, Mrs. Jezebel.

Bet. Consider, Madam, what a life you lead here; what a jealous, ill-natured, watchful, covetous, barbarous, old cuff of a father you have to deal with——What a glorious opportunity this is, and what a sad, sad, very sad thing it is to die a maid!

'AIR.'

'Would you live a stale virgin for ever?
'Sure you're out of your senses,
'Or these are pretences;
'Can you part with a person so clever?
'In troth you are highly to blame.
'And you, Mr. Lover, to trifle;
'I thought that a soldier,
'Was wiser and bolder!

A warrior should plunder and rifle;
A Captain! Oh, fie for shame!

Arg. If that jade dies a maid, I'll die a martyr.

Bet. In short, Madam, if you stay much longer, ou may repent it every vein in your heart——The d hunk will undoubtedly pop in upon us and dis- over all, and then we're undone for ever.

Arg. You may go to the devil for ever, Mrs. Im- udence.

Are. Well, Captain, if you should deceive me.

Rov. If I do, may Heaven——

Are. Nay, no swearing, Captain, for fear you hould prove like the rest of your sex.

Rov. How can you doubt me, Arethusa, when you now how much I love you?

Arg. A wheedling dog? But I'll spoil his sport non.

Bet. Come, come away, dear Madam!—I have he jewels; but stay, I'll go first, and see if the coast e clear. [*Argus meets her.*

Arg. Where are you a-going, pretty maiden?

Bet. Only do—do—do—down stairs, Sir.

Arg. And what hast thou got there, child?

Bet. Nothing but pi—pi—pi—pins, Sir.

Arg. Here, give me the pins, and do you go to ell, Mrs. Minx. D'ye hear, out of my house this noment; these are chamber jades, forsooth—— *tempora! O mores!* what an age is this? Get you n forsooth, I'll talk with you anon. (*Exit Arethusa.*) o, Captain, are those your regimental cloaths? I'll

assure you they become you mightily. If you did but see yourself now, how much like a hero you look! *Ecce signum!* ha, ha, ha!

Rov. Blood and fury! stop your grinning, or I'll stretch your mouth with a vengeance.

Arg. Nay, nay, Captain Belswagger, if you're so passionate, 'tis high time to call aid and assistance: here, Richard, Thomas, John, help me to lay hold on this fellow; you have no sword now, Captain, no sword, d'ye mark me?

Enter SERVANTS *and* ROBIN.

Rob. But I have a pistol, Sir, at your service.

[*Pulls out a pistol.*

Arg. O Lord! O Lord!

Rov. And I'll unload it in your breast, if you stir one step after me.

Arg. A bloody-minded dog! But lay hold on that rogue there, that country-cheat.

Rob. See here, gentlemen, are two little bull-dogs of the same breed, *(presenting two pistols.)* they are wonderful scourers of the brain;——so that if you offer to molest or follow me——you understand me, gentlemen; you understand me.

1 *Ser.* Yes, yes, we understand you, with a pox.

2 *Ser.* The devil go with 'em, I say.

Arg. Ay, ay, good-bye to you, in the devil's name.—A terrible dog!—what a fright he has put me in!—I sha'n't be myself this month. And you, ye cowardly rascals, to stand by and see my life in danger; get out, ye slaves, out of my house, I say.

—I'll put an end to all this; for I'll not have a servant in the house.—I'll carry all the keys in my pocket, and never sleep more. What a murdering son of a whore is this! But I'll prevent him; for to-morrow she shall be marry'd certainly, and then my furious gentleman can have no hopes left.—A Jezabel, to have a red-coat without any money! —Had he but money, if he wanted sense, manners, or even manhood itself, it matter'd not a pin;—but to want money is the devil! Well, I'll secure her under lock and key till to-morrow; and if her husband can't keep her from captain-hunting, e'en let her bring him home a fresh pair of horns ev'ry time he goes out upon the chace. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Chamber.*

ARETHUSA *discover'd sitting melancholy on a couch.*

AIR.

O leave me to complain
My loss of liberty;
I never more shall see my swain,
Nor ever more be free.
O cruel, cruel Fate!
What joy can I receive,
When in the arms of one I hate,
I'm doom'd, alas! to live!

Ye pitying pow'rs above,
That see my soul's dismay,
Or bring me back the man I love,
Or take my life away.

Enter ARGUS.

Arg. So, Lady! you're welcome home!——See how the pretty turtle sits moaning the loss of her mate!——What, not a word, Thusy? not a word, child? Come, come, don't be in the dumps now, and I'll fetch the captain, or the 'squire's sister: perhaps they may make it prattle a bit——Ah, ungracious girl! Is all my care come to this? Is this the gratitude you show your uncle's memory, to throw away what he had bustled so hard for at so mad a rate? Did he leave you 12,000l. think you, to make you no better than a soldier's trull? to follow a camp? to carry a knapsack? This is what you'd have, Mistress, is it not?

Are. This, and ten thousand times worse, were better with the man I love, than to be chain'd to the nauseous embraces of one I hate.

Arg. A very dutiful lady, indeed! I'll make you sing another song to-morrow; and till then, I'll leave you *in salva custodia*, to consider.——B'ye, Thusy!

Are. How barbarous is the covetousness and caution of ill-natur'd parents! They toil for estates with a view to make posterity happy; and then, by a mistaken prudence, they match us to our aversion. But I am resolved not to suffer tamely, however.—

They shall see, though my body's weak, my resolution's strong; and I may yet find spirit enough to plague them.

AIR.

Sooner than I'll my love forego,
And lose the man I prize,
I'll bravely combat ev'ry wo,
Or fall a sacrifice.
Nor bolts nor bars shall me controul,
I death and danger dare;
Restraint but fires the active soul,
And urges fierce despair.
The window now shall be my gate,
I'll either fall or fly;
Before I'll live with him I hate,
For him I love I'll die. [*Adieu.*

SCENE V. *The Street.*

HEARTY *and* ROVEWELL *meeting.*

'*Rov.* So, my dear friend, here already?—— This is very kind.

'*Hear.* Sure, Captain, this lady must have some extraordinary merit for whom you undertake such difficulties! What are her particular charms besides her money?

'*Rov.* I'll tell you, Sir.

'AIR. *The words by another hand.*

'Without affectation, gay, youthful, and pretty;
'Without pride or meanness, familiar and witty;
'Without forms, obliging, good-natur'd, and free;
'Without art, as lovely as lovely can be.
'She acts what she thinks, and she thinks what she says,
'Regardless alike both of censure and praise;
'Her thoughts, and her words, and her actions are such,
'That none can admire 'em, or praise her, too much.

'*Hear.* Well, success attend you——You know
'where to find me when there's occasion. [*Exit.*

Enter ROVEWELL *and* BOY.

Boy. Sir, Sir! I want to speak with you.

Rov. Is your mistress lock'd up, say you?

Boy. Yes, Sir, and Betty's turn'd away, and all the men-servants; and there's no living soul in the house but our old cook-maid, and I, and my master, and Mrs. Thusy; and she cries, and cries her eyes out almost.

Rov. O the tormenting news! But if the garrison is so weak, the castle may be the sooner storm'd. How did you get out?

Boy. Through the kitchen-window, Sir.

Rov. Show me the window presently.

Boy. Alack-a-day, it won't do, Sir! That plot won't take!

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

Dayes, del.t Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row, Feb.y 1794. Grignion, sc.

Rov. Why, sirrah?

Boy. You are something too big, Sir.

Rov. I'll try that, however.

Boy. Indeed, Sir, you can't get your leg in; but could put you in a way.

Rov. How, dear boy!

Boy. I can lend you the key of Mrs. Thusy's chamber——If you can contrive to get into the house——But you must be sure to let my mistress out.

Rov. How couldst thou get it? This is almost a miracle.

Boy. I pick'd it out of my master's coat-pocket this morning, Sir, as I was a-brushing him.

Rov. That's my boy! There's money for you: this child will come to good in time.

Boy. My master will miss me, Sir; I must go; but I wish you good luck.

AIR.

Arethusa at the window above.

A dialogue between her and Rovewell.

Rov. Make haste and away, my only dear;
Make haste, and away, away!
For all at the gate,
Your true lover does wait,
And I prithee make no delay.

Are. O how shall I steal away, my love?
O how shall I steal away?

My daddy is near,
And I dare not for fear;
Pray, come then another day.

Rov. O this is the only day, my life,
O this is the only day!
I'll draw him aside,
While you throw the gates wide,
And then you may steal away.

Are. Then prithee make no delay, my dear;
Then prithee make no delay:
We'll serve him a trick;
For I'll slip in the nick,
And with my true love away.

CHORUS.

O Cupid, befriend a loving pair,
O Cupid, befriend us, we pray!
May our stratagems take,
For thine own sweet sake;
And, Amen! let all true lovers say.

[*Arethusa withdraws.*

Enter ROBIN *as a lawyer, and soldiers.*

Rob. So, my hearts of oaks, are you all ready?

Sold. Yes, an't please your honour.

Rov. You know your cue then——to your post.

[*They retire to a corner of the stage; he knocks smartly at the door.*

Rob. What, are you all asleep, or dead in the house, that you can't hear?

[*Argus, holding the door in his hand.*

Arg. Sir, you are very hasty, methinks——

Rob. Sir, my business requires haste.

Arg. Sir, you had better make haste about it, for know no business you have here.

Rob. Sir, I am come to talk with you on an affair consequence.

Arg. Sir, I don't love talking; I know you not, nd consequently can have no affairs with you.

Rob. Sir, not know me!

Arg. Sir, 'tis enough for me to know myself.

Rob. A damn'd thwarting old dog this same. (*Aside.*) Sir, I live but just in the next street. [*To him.*

Arg. Sir! if you liv'd at Jamaica, 'tis the same hing to me.

Rob. (*Aside.*) I find coaxing won't do. I must hange my note, or I shall never unkennel this old ox——(*To him.*) Well, Mr. Argus, there's no arm done, so take your leave of 3000l. You have nough of your own already. [*Going.*

Arg. How, 3000l.! I must inquire into this. (*Aside.*) Sir, a word with you.

Rob. Sir! I have nothing to say to you. I took ou to be a prudent person, that knew the worth of noney, and how to improve it; but I find I'm deceived.

Arg. Sir, I hope you'll excuse my rudeness; but, ou know, a man cannot be too cautious.

Rob. Sir, that's true, and therefore I excuse you; ut I'd take such treatment from no man in England esides yourself.

Arg. Sir, I beg your pardon; but to the business.

Rob. Why thus it is: a spendthrift young fellow is galloping thro' a plentiful fortune: I have lent 2000l. upon it already; and if you'll advance an equivalent, we'll fore-close the whole estate, and share it between us; for I know he can never redeem it.

Arg. A very judicious man; I'm sorry I affronted him. (*Aside.*) But how is this to be done?

Rob. Very easily, Sir.—A word in your ear; a little more this way.

[*Draws him aside; the soldiers get between him and the door.*

Arg. But the title, Sir, the title?

Rob. Do you doubt my veracity?

Arg. Not in the least, Sir; but one cannot be too sure.

Rob. That's very true, Sir; and therefore I'll make sure of you now I have you.

[*Robin trips up his heels; the soldiers blindfold and gag him, and stand over him, while Rovewell carries Arethusa off; after which they leave him, he making a great noise.*

Enter MOB.

All. What's the matter, what's the matter?

[*They ungag him, &c.*

Arg. O neighbours, I'm robb'd and murder'd, ruin'd, and undone for ever.

1 *Mob.* Why, what's the matter, master?

Arg. There's a whole legion of thieves in my house; they gagg'd and blindfolded me, and offer'd

orty naked swords at my breast——I beg of you to sist me, or they'll strip the house in a minute.

2 *Mob.* Forty drawn swords, say you, Sir?

Arg. Ay, and more, I think, on my conscience.

2 *Mob.* Then look you, Sir, I'm a marry'd man, nd have a large family, I wou'd not venture amongst uch a parcel of blood-thirsty rogues for the world; ut if you please, I'll run and call a constable.

All. Ay, ay, call a constable, call a constable.

Arg. I shan't have a penny left, if we stay for a onstable——I am but one man; and, as old as I m, I'll lead the way, if you'll follow me. [*Exit.*

All. Ay, ay, in, in, follow, follow, huzza!

1 *Mob.* Prithee, Jack, do you go in, if you come to hat.

4 *Mob.* I go in! what shou'd I go in for? I have ost nothing.

Wom. What, nobody to help the poor old gentleman? dds bobs! if I was a man, I'd follow him myself.

3 *Mob.* Why don't you, then? What occasionable-ess have I to be killed for him or you either?

Enter ROBIN *as Constable.*

All. Here's Mr. Constable, here's Mr. Constable.

Rob. Silence, in the King's name.

All. Ay, silence, silence.

Rob. What's the meaning of this riot? Who makes ll this disturbance?

1 *Mob.* I'll tell you, Mr. Constable.

3 *Mob.* An't please your worship, let me speak.

Rob. Ay, this man talks like a man of parts—What's the matter, friend?

3 *Mob.* An't please your noble worship's honour and glory, we are his Majesty's liege subjects, and were terrify'd out of our habitations and dwelling-places, by a cry from abroad; which your noble worship must understand was occasionable by the gentleman of this house, who was so unfortunable as to be killed by thieves, who are now in his house to the numberation of above forty, an't please your worship, all completely arm'd with powder and ball, back-swords, pistols, bayonets, and blunderbusses.

Rob. But what is to be done in this case?

3 *Mob.* Why, an please your worship, knowing your noble honour to be the King's Majesty's noble officer of the peace, we thought 'twas best your honour shou'd come and terrify these rogues away with your noble authority.

Rob. Well said, very well said, indeed!—Gentlemen, I am the King's officer, and I command you in the King's name to aid and assist me to call those rogues out of the house—Who's within there? I charge you come out in the King's name, and submit yourselves to our royal authority.

2 *Mob.* This is the gentleman that was kill'd, an't please your worship.

Enter ARGUS.

Arg. O neighbours, I'm ruin'd and undone for ever! They have taken away all that's dear to me in the world.

1 *Mob.* That's his money; 'tis a sad covetous dog.

Rob. Why, what's the matter? What have they done?

Arg. O, they have taken my child from me, my husy!

Rob. Good lack!

3 *Mob.* Marry come up, what valuation can she e?——But have they taken nothing else?

Arg. Wou'd they had stript my house of every ennyworth, so they had left my child.

1 *Mob.* That's a lie, I believe; for he loves his oney more than his soul, and wou'd sooner part ith that than a groat.

Arg. This is the Captain's doings; but I'll have im hang'd.

Rob. But where are the thieves?

Arg. Gone, gone, beyond all hopes of pursuit.

2 *Mob.* What, are they gone? Then, come neighours, let us go in, and kill every mother's child 'em.

Rob. Hold, I charge you to commit no murder; llow me, and we'll apprehend them.

Arg. Go, villians, cowards, scoundrels, or I shall uspect you are the thieves that mean to rob me of hat is yet left. How brave you are, now all the anger's over? Oh, Sirrah, you dog! (*looking at obin.*) you are that rogue, Robin, the Captain's an. Seize him, neighbours, seize him!

Rob. (*aside.*) I don't care what you do, for the b's over; I see my master a-coming.

Arg. Why don't you seize him, I say?

1 *Mob.* Not we, we have lost too much time about n old fool already.

2 *Mob.* Ay, the next time you're bound and gagg'd you shall lie and be damn'd for me.

3 *Mob.* Ay, and me too; come along, neighbour come along. [*Exeunt Mob.*

Enter ROVEWEL, HEARTY, ARETHUSA, BETTY, *and* ROBIN.

Arg. Bless me! who have we got here? O Thusy Thusy! I had rather never have seen thee again than have found you in such company.

Are. Sir, I hope my husband's company is no criminal.

Arg. Your husband! who's your husband, housewife? that scoundrel? Captain—Out of my sight thou ungracious wretch!——I'll go make my will this instant——and you, you villain, how dare you look me in the face after all this?——I'll have you hang'd, Sirrah; I will so.

Hear. O fie, brother Argus, moderate your passion. It ill becomes the friendship you owe Ned Worthy, to vilify and affront his only child, and for no other crime than improving that friendship which has ever been between us.

Arg. Ha! my dear friend alive! I heard thou were dead in the Indies—And is that thy son? and my godson too, if I am not mistaken.

Hear. The very same—the last and best remains of our family; forc'd by my wife's cruelty, and my absence, to the army. My wife is since dead, and the son she had by her former husband, whom she

tended to heir my estate; but fortune guided me by chance to my dear boy, who, after twenty year's absence, and changing my name, knew me not, till I just now discovered myself to him and your fair daughter, whom I will make him deserve by thirty thousand pounds, which I brought from India, besides what real estate I may leave at my death.

Arg. And to match that, old boy, my daughter shall have every penny of mine, besides her uncle's legacy—Ah, you young rogue, had I known you, I would not have us'd you so roughly——However, since you have won my girl so bravely, take her, and welcome——But you must excuse all faults——the old man meant all for the best; you must not be angry.

Rov. Sir, on the contrary, we ought to beg your pardon for the many disquiets we have given you; and with your pardon, we crave your blessing.

[*They kneel.*

Arg. You have it, children, with all my heart. Adod, I am so transported, I don't know whether I walk or fly.

Are. May your joy be everlasting!

Rovewell and Arethusa, embracing.

DUETTO.

Thus fondly caressing,
My idol, my treasure,

How great is the blessing!
How sweet is the pleasure!
With joy I behold thee,
And doat on thy charms;
Thus while I unfold thee,
I've heaven in my arms.

Engraved by W. Ridley, from a Miniature by W. Nixon.

Mrs BLAND.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row. Feb.y 1794.

(2)

THE IRISH WIDOW.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL DRURY LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, No 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

THE first appearance of this piece in the season of 1772, at Drury-lane, is well in the recollection of those who witnessed the matchless performance of Mrs. Barry (now Crawford) in the Widow Brady. A part in which she excelled, and in which we have not yet beheld her equal.

The old adage of "No fool like an old one," is here illustrated in a manner truly laughable. The characters of Whittle and Kecksey are coloured with truth and spirit; and are such as doubtless common life can produce in many instances; while that of the Widow exceeds not the bounds of probability.

We have here a story well told; in which the deformities of age are exposed to just ridicule.

Those who are in the winter of their days, if they respect their own dignity, need not be under any fear of its being insulted among the worthy and the sensible.

Honours rest upon the head that time has silvered over, and enriched with experience.

It is when the full of years forget the respect due to themselves, and sink into folly and absurdity, that they become fit subjects for satire: and it is to be wished, that certain dramatic productions were as clear as The Irish Widow from the charge of exposing our elders at the expence of good morals and sober reason.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Whittle, -	- Mr. Parsons
Kecksey, -	- Mr. Dodd
Thomas, -	- Mr. Burton
Bates, -	- Mr. Baddeley
Sir Patrick O'Neal,	- Mr. Moody
Nephew, -	- Mr. Caulfield.

Woman.

Widow Brady, -	- Mrs. Wells.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Whittle, -	- Mr. Wewitzer
Kecksey, -	- Mr. Bernard
Thomas, -	- Mr. Quick
Bates, -	- Mr. Powell
Sir Patrick O'Neal,	- Mr. Johnstone
Nephew,	- Mr. Macready.

Woman.

Widow Brady,	- Mrs. Wells.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Whittle's house.*

Enter BATES *and* SERVANT.

Bates.

S he gone out? his card tells me to come directly —I did but lock up some papers, take my hat and ane, and away I hurried.

Serv. My master desires you will sit down, he ill return immediately—he had some business with is lawyer, and went out in great haste, leaving the essage I have delivered. Here is my young aster. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter NEPHEW.

Bates. What, lively Billy!—hold, I beg your par- on—melancholy William, I think—Here's a fine volution—I hear your uncle, who was last month

all gravity, and you all mirth, have chang'd characters; he is now all spirit, and you are in the dumps *young man.*

Neph. And for the same reason—This journey to Scarborough will unfold the riddle.

Bates. Come, come, in plain English, and before your uncle comes—explain the matter.

Neph. In the first place, I am undone.

Bates. In love, I know—I hope your uncle is not undone too—that would be the devil!

Neph. He has taken possession of him in every sense. In short, he came to Scarborough to see the lady I had fallen in love with——

Bates. And fell in love himself?

Neph. Yes, and with the same lady.

Bates. That is the devil indeed!

Neph. O, Mr. Bates! when I thought my happiness complete, and wanted only my uncle's consent, to give me the independence he so often has promised me, he came to Scarborough for that purpose, and wish'd me joy of my choice; but, in less than a week, his approbation turned into a passion for her: he now hates the sight of me, and is resolv'd, with the consent of the father, to make her his wife directly.

Bates. So he keeps you out of your fortune, won't give his consent, which his brother's foolish will requires, and he would marry himself the same woman, because right, title, conscience, nature, justice, and every law, divine and human, are against it.

Neph. Thus he tricks me at once both of wife and ortune, without the least want of either.

Bates. Well said, friend Whittle! but it can't e, it shan't be, and it must not be—this is murder nd robbery in the strongest sense, and he shan't be ang'd in chains to be laugh'd at by the whole own, if I can help it.

Neph. I am distracted, the widow is distress'd, nd we both shall run mad.

Bates. A widow too! 'gad a mercy, threescore nd five!

Neph. But such a widow! She is now in town ith her father, who wants to get her off his hands; is equal to him who has her, so she is provided for —I hear somebody coming—I must away to her odgings, where she waits for me to execute a cheme directly for our delivery.

Bates. What is her name, Billy?

Neph. Brady.

Bates. Brady! Is not she daughter to Sir Patrick 'Neale?

Neph. The same. She was sacrific'd to the most enseless drunken profligate in the whole country: e lived to run out his fortune; and the only ad-antage she got from the union was, he broke that nd his neck before he had broke her heart.

Bates. The affair of marriage is, in this country, ut upon the easiest footing; there is neither love r hate in the matter; necessity brings them toge-her; they are united at first for their mutual con-enience, and separated ever after for their parti-

cular pleasures—O rare matrimony!—Where does she lodge?

Neph. In Pall-Mall, near the hotel.

Bates. I'll call in my way, and assist at the consultation; I am for a bold stroke, if gentle methods should fail.

Neph. We have a plan, and a spirited one, if my sweet widow is able to go through it—pray let us have your friendly assistance—ours is the cause of love and reason.

Bates. Get you gone, with your love and reason; they seldom pull together now-a-days.—I'll give your uncle a dose first, and then I'll meet you at the widow's—What says your uncle's privy counsellor Mr. Thomas, to this?

Neph. He is greatly our friend, and will enter sincerely into our service—he is honest, sensible, ignorant, and particular, a kind of half coxcomb with a thorough good heart—but he's here.

Bates. Do you go about your business, and leave the rest to me. [*Exit Nephew.*

Enter THOMAS.

Mr. Thomas, I am glad to see you; upon my word, you look charmingly—you wear well, Mr. Thomas.

Tho. Which is a wonder, considering how times go, Mr. Bates—they'll wear and tear me too, if I don't take care of myself—my old master has taken the nearest way to wear himself out, and all that belong to him.

Bates. Why surely this strange story about town is not true, that the old gentleman is fall'n in love?

Tho. Ten times worse than that!

Bates. The devil!

Tho. And his horns—going to be married!

Bates. Not if I can help it.

Tho. You never saw such an alter'd man in your born days!—he's grown young again; he frisks, and prances, and runs about, as if he had a new pair of legs—he has left off his brown camlet surout, which he wore all the summer, and now, with his hat under his arm, he goes open breasted, and he dresses, and powders, and smirks, so that you would take him for the mad Frenchman in Bedlam—something wrong in his upper story—Would you think it?—he wants me to wear a pig-tail!

Bates. Then he is far gone indeed!

Tho. As sure as you are there, Mr. Bates, a pig-tail!—we have had sad work about it—I made a compromise with him to wear these ruffled shirts which he gave me; but they stand in my way—I am not so listless with them—though I have tied up my hands for him, I won't tie up my head, that I am resolute.

Bates. This it is to be in love, Thomas?

Tho. He may make free with himself, he shan't make a fool of me—he has got his head into a bag, but I won't have a pig-tail tack'd to mine—and so I told him——

Bates. What did you tell him?

Tho. That as I, and my father, and his father be-

fore me, had wore their own hair as heaven had sent it, I thought myself rather too old to set up for a monkey at my time of life, and wear a pig-tail —he! he! he!—he took it.

Bates. With a wry face, for it was wormwood.

Tho. Yes, he was frump'd, and call'd me old blockhead, and would not speak to me the rest of the day—but the next day he was at it again—he then put me into a passion—and I could not help telling him, that I was an Englishman born, and had my prerogative as well as he; and that as long as I had breath in my body I was for liberty, and a strait head of hair!

Bates. Well said Thomas—he could not answer that.

Tho. The poorest man in England is a match for the greatest, if he will but stick to the laws of the land, and the statute books, as they are delivered down to us from our forefathers.

Bates. You are right—we must lay our wits together, and drive the widow out of your old master's head, and put her into your young master's hands.

Tho. With all my heart—nothing can be more meritorious—marry at his years! what a terrible account would he make of it, Mr. Bates!—Let me see—on the debtor side sixty-five—and per contra creditor, a buxom widow of twenty-three—He'll be a bankrupt in a fortnight——he! he! he!

Bates. And so he would, Mr. Thomas—what have you got in your hand?

Tho. A pamphlet, my old gentleman takes in—he

has left off buying histories and religious pieces by numbers, as he used to do; and since he has got this widow in his head, he reads nothing but the Amorous Repository, Cupid's Revels, Call to Marriage, Hymen's Delights, Love lies a Bleeding, Love in the Suds, and such like tender compositions.

Bates. Here he comes, with all his folly about him.

Tho. Yes, and the first fool from vanity-fair—Heav'n help us—love turns man and woman topsy turvy! [*Exit Thomas.*

Whittle (*without.*) Where is he? where is my good friend?

Enter WHITTLE.

Ha! here he is—give me your hand.

Bates. I am glad to see you in such spirits, my old gentleman.

Whit. Not so old neither—no man ought to be called old, friend Bates, if he is in health, spirits, and———

Bates. In his senses—which I should rather doubt, as I never saw you half so frolicksome in my life.

Whit. Never too old to learn, friend; and if I don't make use of my philosophy now, I may wear it out in twenty years—I have been always banter'd as of too grave a cast—you know, when I studied at Lincoln's Inn, they used to call me Young Wisdom.

Bates. And if they should call you Old Folly, it will be a much worse name.

Whit. No young jackanapes dares to call me so, while I have this friend at my side. *(Touches his sword.)*

Bates. A hero too! what in the name of common sense is come to you, my friend?—high spirits, quick honour, a long sword, and a bag!—you want nothing but to be terribly in love, and then you may sally forth Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Ha! ha! ha!

Whit. Mr. Bates—the ladies, who are the best judges of countenances, are not of your opinion; and unless you'll be a little serious, I must beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and I'll open my mind to some more attentive friend.

Bates. Well, come unlock then, you wild, handsome, vigorous young dog you—I will please you if I can.

Whit. I believe you never saw me look better, Frank, did you?

Bates. O yes, rather better forty years ago.

Whit. What, when I was at Merchant Taylors' School?

Bates. At Lincoln's-Inn, Tom.

Whit. It can't be—I never disguise my age, and next February I shall be fifty-four.

Bates. Fifty-four! why I am sixty, and you always lick'd me at school—though I believe I could do as much for you now, and 'ecod I believe you deserve it too.

Whit. I tell you I am in my fifty-fifth year.

Bates. O, you are—let me see—we were together

at Cambridge, Anno Domini twenty-five, which is near fifty years ago—you came to the college, indeed, surprizingly young; and, what is more surprizing, by this calculation you went to school before you was born—you was always a forward child.

Whit. I see there is no talking or consulting with you in this humour; and so, Mr. Bates, when you are in temper to show less of your wit, and more of your friendship, I shall consult with you.

Bates. Fare you well, my old boy—young fellow, I mean—when you have done sowing your wild oats, and have been blistered into your right senses; when you have half kill'd yourself with being a beau, and return to your woollen caps, flannel waistcoats, worsted stockings, cork soles, and gallochies, I am at your service again. So bon jour to you, Monsieur Fifty-four—ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Whit. He has certainly heard of my affair—but he is old and peevish—he wants spirits and strength of constitution to conceive my happiness—I am in love with the widow, and must have her: Every man knows his own wants—let the world laugh, and my friends stare! let 'em call me imprudent, and mad, if they please—I live in good times, and among people of fashion; so none of my neighbours, thank Heaven, can have the assurance to laugh at me.

Enter OLD KECKSEY.

Keck. What, my friend Whittle! joy! joy! to

you, old boy—you are going, a going! a going! a fine widow has bid for you, and will have you—hah, friend? all for the best—there is nothing like it—hugh! hugh! hugh!—a good wife is a good thing, and a young one is a better—hah—who's afraid? If I had not lately married one, I should have been at death's door by this time——hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. Thank, thank you, friend!—I was coming to advise with you—I am got into the pound again—in love up to the ears—a fine woman, faith; and there's no love lost between us.——Am I right, friend?

Keck. Right! ay, right as my leg, Tom! Life's nothing without love—hugh! hugh!—I am happy as the day's long! my wife loves gadding, and I can't stay at home; so we are both of a mind—she's every night at one or other of the garden places; but among friends, I am a little afraid of the damp; hugh! hugh! hugh! she has got an Irish gentleman, a kind of cousin of hers, to take care of her; a fine fellow; and so good-natur'd—It is a vast comfort to have such a friend in a family! Hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. You are a bold man, cousin Kecksey.

Keck. Bold! ay to be sure; none but the brave deserve the fair—Hugh! hugh! who's afraid?

Whit. Why your wife is five feet ten.

Keck. Without her shoes. I hate your little shrimps; none of your lean meagre French frogs for me; I was always fond of the majestic: give

me a slice of a good English surloin? cut and come again; hugh! hugh! hugh! that's my taste.

Whit. I'm glad you have so good a stomach—And so you would advise me to marry the Widow directly?

Keck. To be sure—you have not a moment to lose; I always mind what the poet says,

'Tis folly to lose time,
When man is in his prime:

Hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. You have an ugly cough, cousin.

Keck. Marriage is the best lozenge for it.

Whit. You have raised me from the dead—I am glad you came—Frank Bates had almost killed me with his jokes—but you have comforted me, and we will walk through the park; and I will carry you to the Widow in Pall-mall.

Keck. With all my heart——I'll raise her spirits, and yours too.—Courage, Tom—come along——— who's afraid? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Widow's Lodging.*

Enter WIDOW, NEPHEW, *and* BATES.

Bates. Indeed, madam, there is no other way but to cast off your real character, and assume a feign'd one; it is an extraordinary occasion, and requires extraordinary measures; pluck up a spirit, and do it for the honour of your sex.

Neph. Only consider, my sweet Widow, that our all is at stake.

Wid. Could I bring my heart to act contrary to its feelings, would not you hate me for being a hypocrite, though it is done for your sake?

Neph. Could I think myself capable of such ingratitude——

Wid. Don't make fine speeches; you men are strange creatures; you turn our heads to your purposes, and then despise us for the folly you teach us; 'tis hard to assume a character contrary to my disposition: I cannot get rid of my unfashionable prejudices 'till I have been married in England some time, and lived among my betters.

Neph. Thou charming adorable woman! what shall we do then? I never wish'd for a fortune till this moment.

Wid. Could we live upon affection, I would give your fortune to your uncle, and thank him for taking it; and then——

Neph. What then, my sweet widow?

Wid. I would desire you to run away with me as fast as you can—What a pity it is, that this money, which my heart despises, should hinder its happiness, or that for want of a few dirty acres, a poor woman must be made miserable, and sacrificed twice to those who have them.

Neph. Heaven forbid! these exquisite sentiments endear you more to me, and distract me with the dread of losing you.

Bates. Young folks; let an old man, who is not quite in love, and yet will admire a fine woman to

the day of his death, throw in a little advice among your flames and darts.

Wid. Though a woman, a widow, and in love too, I can hear reason, Mr. Bates.

Bates. And that's a wonder—You have no time to lose; for want of a jointure you are still your father's slave; he is obstinate, and has promis'd you to the old man: Now, madam, if you will not rise superior to your sex's weakness, to secure a young fellow instead of an old one, your eyes are a couple of hypocrites.

Wid. They are a couple of traitors I'm sure, and have led their mistress into a toil, for which all her wit cannot release her.

Neph. But it can, if you will but exert it; my uncle ador'd and fell in love with you for your beauty, softness, and almost speechless reserve. Now, if amidst all his rapturous ideas of your delicacy, you would bounce upon him a wild, ranting, buxom widow, he will grow sick of his bargain, and give me a fortune to take you off his hands.

Wid. I shall make a very bad actress.

Neph. You are an excellent mimic; assume but the character of your Irish female neighbour in the country, with which you astonished us so agreeably at Scarborough; you will frighten my uncle into terms, and do that for us which neither my love nor your virtue can accomplish without it.

Wid. Now for a trial—*(mimicking a strong brogue)* —Fait and trot, if you will be after bringing me before the old Jontleman, if he loves music, I will trate

his ears with a little of the brogue, and some dancing too into the bargain, if he loves capering—O bless me! my heart fails me, and I am frightened out of my wits; I can never go through it.

[*Nephew and Bates both laugh.*

Nephew, kneeling and kissing her hand.

O 'tis admirable! love himself inspires you, and we shall conquer. What say you, Mr. Bates?

Bates. I'll insure you success; I can scarce believe my own ears; such a tongue and a brogue would make Herculus tremble at five-and-twenty; but away, away, and give him the first broadside in the Park; there you'll find him hobbling with that old cuckold, Kecksey.

Wid. But will my dress suit the character I play?

Neph. The very thing. Is your retinue ready, and your part got by heart?

Wid. All his ready; 'tis an act of despair to punish folly and reward merit; 'tis the last effort of pure honourable love; and if every woman would exert the same spirit for the same out-of-fashion rarity, there would be less business for Doctors Commons. Now let the critics laugh at me if they dare.

[*Exit with spirit.*

Neph. Brava! bravissima! sweet widow.

[*Exit after her.*

Bates. Huzza! huzza! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Park.*

Enter WHITTLE *and* KECKSEY.

Whit. Yes, yes, she is Irish; but so modest, so mild, and so tender, and just enough of the accent to give a peculiar sweetness to her words, which drop from her in monosyllables, with such a delicate reserve, that I shall have all the comfort, without the impertinence of a wife.

Keck. There our taste differs, friend; I am for a lively smart girl in my house, hugh! hugh! to keep up my spirits, and make me merry; I don't admire dumb waiters, not I, no still life for me; I love the prittle prattle; it sets me to sleep, and I can take a sound nap, while my Sally and her cousin are running and playing about the house like young cats.

Whit. I am for no cats in my house; I cannot sleep with a noise; the Widow was made on purpose for me; she is so bashful, has no acquaintance, and she never would stir out of doors, if her friends were not afraid of a consumption, and so force her into the air: Such a delicate creature! you shall see her; you were always for a tall, chattering, frisky wench; now for my part I am with the old saying,

Wife a mouse,
Quiet house;
Wife a cat,
Dreadful that.

Keck. I don't care for your sayings—who's afraid?

Whit. There goes Bates, let us avoid him, he will only be joking with us: when I have taken a serious thing into my head, I can't bear to have it laugh'd out again. This way, friend Kecksey—What have we got here?

Keck. (*looking out.*) Some fine prancing wench, with her lovers and footmen about her; she's a gay one by her motions.

Whit. Were she not so flaunting, I should take it for—No it is impossible; and yet is not that my nephew with her? I forbad him speaking to her; it can't be the widow: I hope it is not.

Enter WIDOW, *followed by* NEPHEW, *three* FOOTMEN, *and a black* BOY.

Wid. Don't bother me, young man, with your darts, your cupids, and your pangs; if you had half of 'em about you that you swear you have, they would have cur'd you, by killing you long ago. Would you have me faitless to your uncle, hah! young man? Was not I faitful to you, 'till I was order'd to be faitful to him? but I must know more of your English ways, and live more among the English ladies, to learn how to be faitful to two at a time—and so there's my answer for you.

Neph. Then I know my relief, for I cannot live without you. [*Exit.*

Wid. Take what relief you plase, young jontleman, what have I to do with dat? He is certainly mad or out of his sinses, for he swears he can't *live* without

me, and yet he talks of *killing* himself? how does he make out dat? if a countryman of mine had made such a blunder, they would have put it into all the newspapers, and Faulkner's Journal beside; but an Englishman may look over the hedge, while an Irishman must not stale a horse.

Keck. Is this the Widow, friend Whittle?

Whit. I don't know (*sighing*); it is, and it is not.

Wid. Your servant, Mr. Whittol; I wish you would spake to your nephew not to be whining and dangling after me all day in his green coat like a parrot: It is not for my reputation that he should follow me about like a beggar-man, and ask me for what I had given him long ago, but have since bestowed upon you, Mr. Whittol.

Whit. He is an impudent beggar, and shall be really so for his disobedience.

Wid. As he can't live without me, you know, it will be charity to starve him: I wish the poor young man dead with all my heart, as he thinks it will do him a grate dale of good.

Keck. (to Whittle.) She is tender, indeed! and I think she has the brogue a little—hugh! hugh!

Whit. It is stronger to-day than ever I heard it. [*Staring.*

Wid. And are you now talking of my brouge? It is always the most fullest when the wind is aesterly; it has the same effect upon me as upon stammering people—they can't spake for their impediment, and my tongue is fix'd so loose in my mouth, I can't stop it for the life of me.

Whit. What a terrible misfortune, friend Kecksey!

Keck. Not at all; the more tongue the better, say I.

Wid. When the wind changes, I have no brogue at all, at all. But come, Mr. Whittol, don't let us be vulgar and talk of our poor relations: It is impossible to be in this metropolis of London, and have any thought but of operas, plays, masquerades, and pantaons, to keep up one's spirits in the winter; and Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone fireworks, to cool and refresh one in the summer.—La! la! la!

[*Sings.*

Whit. I protest she puts me into a sweat; we shall have a mob about us.

Keck. The more the merrier, I say—who's afraid?

Wid. How the people stare! as if they never saw a woman's voice before; but my vivacity has got the better of my good manners. This I suppose, this strange gentleman, is a near friend and relation? and as such, notwithstanding his appearance, I shall always trate him, though I might dislike him upon a nearer acquaintance.

Keck. Madam, you do me honour; I like your frankness, and I like your person, and I envy my friend Whittle; and if you were not engaged, and I were not married, I would endeavour to make myself agreeable to you, that I would—hugh! hugh!

Wid. And indeed, Sir, it would be very *agraable to me*; for if I should hate you as much as I did my first dare husband; I should always have the comfort, that in all human probability my torments would not last long.

Keck. She utters something more than monosyllables, friend; this is better than bargain: she has a fine bold way of talking.

Whit. More bold than welcome! I am struck all of a heap!

Wid. What, are you low spirited, my dare Mr. Whittol? When you were at Scarborough, and winning my affections, you were all mirth and gaiety; and now you have won me, you are as thoughtful about it as if we had been married some time.

Whit. Indeed, Madam, I can't but say I am a little thoughtful—we take it by turns; you were very sorrowful a month ago for the loss of your husband, and that you could dry up your tears so soon naturally makes me a little thoughtful.

Wid. Indeed, I could dry up my tears for a dozen husbands when I was sure of having a tirteenth like Mr. Whittol? that's very natural sure, both in England and Dublin too.

Keck. She won't die of a consumption; she has a fine full-ton'd voice, and you'll be very happy, Tom —Hugh! hugh!

Whit. O yes, very happy.

Wid. But come, don't let us be melancholy before the time: I am sure I have been mop'd up for a year and a half—I was oblig'd to mourn for my first husband, that I might be sure of a second; and my father kept my spirits in subjection, as the best receipt (he said) for changing a widow into a wife; but now I have my arms and legs at liberty, I must and will have my swing: Now I am out of my cage,

I could dance two nights together, and a day too, like any singing bird; and I'm in such spirits, that I have got rid of my father, I could fly over the moon without wings, and back again, before dinner. Bless my eyes, and don't I see there Miss Nancy O'Flarty and her brother Captain O'Flarty? He was one of my dying Strephons at Scarborough—I have a very great regard for him, and must make him a little miserable with my happiness. [*Curtseys.*

Come along Skips *(to the servants)*; don't you be gostring there; show your liveries, and bow to your master that is to be, and to his friend, and hold up your heads, and trip after me as lightly as if you had no legs to your feet. I shall be with you again, Jontlemen, in the crack of a fan—O, I'll have a husband, ay, marry. [*Exit singing.*

Keck. A fine buxom widow, faith! no acquaintance—delicate reserve—mopes at home—forc'd into the air—inclin'd to a consumption—What a description you gave of your wife! Why she beats my Sally, Tom.

Whit. Yes, and she'll beat me if I don't take care, what a change is here! I must turn about, or this will turn my head; dance for two nights together! and leap over the moon! you shall dance and leap by yourself, that I am resolv'd.

Keck. Here she comes, again; it does my heart good to see her—You are in luck, Tom.

Whit. I'd give a finger to be out of such luck.

Enter WIDOW, &c.

Wid. Ha! ha! ha! the poor Captain is marched

off in a fury: he can't bear to hear that the town has capitulated to you, Mr. Whittol. I have promised to introduce him to you: he will make one of my danglers to take a little exercise with me, when you take your nap in the afternoon.

Whit. You shan't catch me napping, I assure you. What a discovery and escape I have made! I am in a sweat with the thought of my danger! [*Aside.*

Keck. I protest, cousin, there goes my wife, and her friend Mr. Mac Brawn. What a fine stately couple they are! I must after 'em, and have a laugh with them—now they giggle and walk quick, that I mayn't overtake 'em. Madam, your servant. You're a happy man, Tom. Keep up your spirits, old boy. Hugh! hugh!—who's afraid! [*Exit.*

Wid. I know Mr. Mac Brawn extremely well—He was very intimate at our house in my first husband's time; a great comfort he was to me to be sure! He would very often leave his claret and companions for a little conversation with me: He was bred at the Dublin university; and, being a very deep scholar, has fine talents for a tate a tate.

Whit. She knows him too! I shall have my house over-run with the *Mac Brawns*, *O' Shoulders*, and the blood of the *Backwells:* Lord have mercy upon me!

Wid. Pray, Mr. Whittol, is that poor spindle-legg'd crater of a cousin of yours lately married? ha! ha! ha! I don't pity the poor crater his wife, for that agraable cough of his will soon reward her for all her sufferings.

Whit. What a delivery! a reprieve before the knot was tied.

Wid. Are you unwell, Mr. Whittol? I should be sorry you would fall sick before the happy day. Your being in danger afterwards would be a great consolation to me, because I should have the pleasure of nursing you myself.

Whit. I hope never to give you that trouble, Madam.

Wid. No trouble at all, at all; I assure you, Sir, from my soul, that I shall take great delight in the occasion.

Whit. Indeed, Madam, I believe it.

Wid. I don't care how soon, the sooner the better; and the more danger the more honour: I spake from my heart.

Whit. And so do I from mine, Madam. [*Sighs.*

Wid. But don't let us think of future pleasure, and neglect the present satisfaction. My mantua-maker is waiting for me to choose my clothes, in which I shall forget the sorrows of Mrs. Brady in the joys of Mrs. Whittol. Though I have no fortune myself, I shall bring a tolerable one to you, in debts, Mr. Whittol; and which I will pay you tinfold in tinderness: Your deep purse, and my open heart, will make us the envy of the little grate ones, and the grate little ones; the people of quality, with no souls, and grate souls with no cash at all. I hope you'll meet me at the pantaon this evening. Lady Rantiton, and her daughter Miss Nettledown, and Nancy Tittup, with half a dozen *Maccaronies*, and two *Savoury Vivers*, are to take me there; and we propose a grate deal of chat and merriment, and

dancing all night, and all other kind of recreations. I am quite another kind of a crator, now I am a bird in the fields; I can junket about a week together: I have a fine constitution, and am never molested with your nasty vapours. Are you ever troubled with vapours, Mr. Whittol?

Whit. A little now and then, Madam.

Wid. I'll rattle 'em away like smoke! there are no vapours where I come. I hate your dumps, and your nerves, and your megrims; and I had much rather break your rest with a little racketting, than let any thing get into your head that should not be there, Mr. Whittol?

Whit. I will take care that nothing shall be in my head, but what ought to be there: What a deliverance! [*Aside.*

Wid. (*looking at her watch.*) Bless me! how the hours of the clock creep away when we are plas'd with our company: But I must lave you, for there are half hundred people waiting for me to pick your pocket, Mr. Whittol. And there is my own brother, Lieutenant O'Neale, is to arrive this morning; and he is so like me, you would not know us asunder when we are together; you will be very fond of him, poor lad! He lives by his wits, as you do by your fortune, and so you may assist one another. Mr. Whittol, your obadient, 'till we meet at the pantaon. Follow me, Pompey; and Skips, do you follow him.

Pom. The Baccararo whiteman no let blacky boy go first after you, missis; they pull and pinch me.

Foot. It is a shame, your ladyship, that a black negro should take place of English Christians—We can't follow him, indeed.

Wid. Then you may follow one another out of my sarvice; if you follow me, you shall follow him, for he shall go before me: Can't I make him your superior, as the laws of the land have made him your equal? therefore resign as fast as you plase; you shan't oppose government and keep your places too, that is not good politics in England or Ireland either; so come along Pompey, be after going before me—Mr. Whittol, most tinderly yours. [*Exit.*

Whit. Most tinderly yours! (*mimicks her.*) 'Ecod I believe you are, and any body's else. O what an escape have I had! But how shall I clear myself of this business? I'll serve her as I would bad money, put her off into other hands: My Nephew is fool enough to be in love with her, and if I give him a fortune, he'll take the good and the bad together—He shall do so or starve. I'll send for Bates directly, confess my folly, ask his pardon, send him to my Nephew, write and declare off with the Widow, and so get rid of her *tinderness* as fast as I can. [*Exit.*

THE END OF TH FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in Whittle's house.*

Enter BATES *and* NEPHEW.

Nephew, (taking him by the hand.)

WE are bound to you for ever, Mr. Bates: I can say no more; words but ill express the real feelings of the heart.

Bates. I know you are a good lad, or I would not have meddled in the matter; but the business is not yet completed till *Signatum & Sigillatum.*

Neph. Let me fly to the Widow, and tell her how prosperously we go on.

Bates. Don't be in a hurry, young man; she is not in the dark I assure you, nor has she yet finish'd her part: so capital an actress should not be idle in the last act.

Neph. I could wish that you would let me come into my uncle's proposal at once, without vexing him farther.

Bates. Then I declare off. Thou silly young man, are you to be dup'd by your own weak good nature, and his worldly craft? This does not arise from his love and justice to you, but from his own miserable situation; he must be tortur'd into justice: He shall not only give up your whole estate, which he is loth to

part with, but you must now have a premium for agreeing to your own happiness. What, shall your Widow, with wit and spirit, that would do the greatest honour to our sex, go thro' her task cheerfully; and shall your courage give way, and be outdone by a woman's?—fie for shame!

Neph. I beg your pardon, Mr. Bates; I will follow your directions: be as hard-hearted as my uncle, and vex his body and mind for the good of his soul.

Bates. That's a good child; and remember that your own and the Widow's future happiness depends upon your both going through this business with spirit; make your uncle feel for himself, that he may do justice to other people. Is the Widow ready for the last experiment?

Neph. She is; but think what anxiety I shall feel while she is in danger?

Bates. Ha! ha! ha! she'll be in no danger; besides, shan't we be at hand to assist her. Hark! I hear him coming: I'll probe his callous heart to the quick; and, if we are not paid for our trouble, say I am no politician. Fly; now we shall do!

[*Exit Nephew.*

Enter WHITTLE.

Whit. Well, Mr. Bates, have you talk'd with my Nephew? is not he overjoyed at the proposal?

Bates. The demon of discord has been among you, and has untun'd the whole family; you have screw'd him too high: the young man is out of his senses, I

think: he stares and mopes about, and sighs—looks at me indeed, but gives very absurd answers. I don't like him.

Whit. What's the matter, think you?

Bates. What I have always expected. There is a crack in your family, and you take it by turns! you have had it, and now transfer it to your Nephew; which, to your shame be it spoken, is the only transfer you have ever made him.

Whit. But am not I going to do him more than justice?

Bates. As you have done him much less than justice hitherto, you can't begin too soon.

Whit. Am not I going to give him the lady he likes, and which I was going to marry myself?

Bates. Yes, that is, you are taking a perpetual blister off your own back, to clap it upon his? What a tender uncle you are!

Whit. But you don't consider the estate which I shall give him.

Bates. Restore to him, you mean—'tis his own, and you should have given it up long ago: you must do more, or Old Nick will have you. Your Nephew won't take the Widow off your hands without a fortune—throw him ten thousand into the bargain.

Whit. Indeed, but I shan't; he shall run mad, and I'll marry her myself rather than do that. Mr. Bates, be a true friend, and soothe my Nephew to consent to my proposal.

Bates. You have rais'd the fiend, and ought to lay him; however, I'll do my best for you: When

the head is turn'd, nothing can bring it right again so soon as ten thousand pounds. Shall I promise for you?

Whit. I'll sooner go to Bedlam myself.

[*Exit Bates.*

Why, I am in a worse condition than I was before! If this Widow's father will not let me be off without providing for his daughter, I may lose a great sum of money, and none of us be the better for it. My Nephew half mad; myself half married; and no remedy for either of us.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Patrick O'Neale is come to wait upon you; would you please to see him?

Whit. By all means, the very person I wanted; don't let him wait. [*Exit Servant.*

I wonder if he has seen my letter to the Widow; I will sound him by degrees, that I may be sure of my mark before I strike my blow.

Enter Sir PATRICK.

Sir Pat. Mr. Whizzle, your humble servant. It gives me great pleasure, that an old Jontleman of your property, will have the honour of being united with the family of the O'Nales: We have been too much Jontlemen not to spend our estate, as you have made yourself a kind of Jontleman by getting one. One runs out one way, and t'other runs in another; which makes them both meet at last, and keeps up the balance of Europe.

Whit. I am much oblig'd to you, Sir Patrick; I am an old gentleman, you say true; and I was thinking——

Sir Pat. And I was thinking if you were ever so old, my daughter can't make you young again: She has as rich fine thick blood in her veins as any in all Ireland. I wish you had a swate crater of a daughter like mine, that we might make a double cross of it.

Whit. That would be a double cross, indeed! [*Aside.*

Sir Pat. Though I was miserable enough with my first wife, who had the devil of a spirit, and the very model of her daughter; yet a brave man never shrinks from danger, and I may have better luck another time.

Whit. Yes, but I am no brave man, Sir Patrick; and I begin to shrink already.

Sir Pat. I have bred her up in great subjection; she is as tame as a young colt, and as tinder as a sucking chicken. You will find her a true Jontlewoman; and so knowing, that you can teach her nothing: She brings every thing but money, and you have enough of that, if you have nothing else; and that is what I call the balance of things.

Whit. But I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and my great age——

Sir Pat. She's a charming crater; I would venture to say that, if I was not her father.

Whit. I say, Sir, as I have been considering your

daughter's great deserts, and as I own I have great demerits———

Sir Pat. To be sure you have; but you can't help that: And if my daughter was to mention any thing of a fleering at your age, or your stinginess, by the balance of power, but I would make her repate it a hundred times to your face, to make her asham'd of it. But mum, old gentleman, the devil a word of your infirmities will she touch upon: I have brought her up to softness, and to gentleness, as a kitten to new milk; she will spake nothing but *no*, and *yes*, as if she were dumb; and no tame rabbit or pigeon will keep house, or be more inganious with her needle and tambourine.

Whit. She it vastly altered then, since I saw her last, or I have lost my senses; and in either case, we had much better, since I must speak plain, not come together.

Sir Pat. 'Till you are married, you mean—With all my heart, it is the more gentale for that, and like our family: I never saw lady O'Neale, your mother-in-law, who poor crater is dead, and can never be a mother-in-law again, 'till the week before I married her; and I did not care if I had never seen her then; which is a comfort too in case of death, or accidents in life.

Whit. But you don't understand me, Sir Patrick. I say———

Sir Pat. I say, how can that be, when we both spake English?

Whit. But you mistake my meanng, and don't comprehend me.

Sir Pat. Then you don't comprehend yourself, Mr. Whizzle, and I have not the gift of prophesy to find out, after you have spoke, what never was in you.

Whit. Let me intreat you to attend to me a little.

Sir Pat. I do attend, man; I don't interrupt you—out with it.

Whit. Your daughter—

Sir Pat. Your wife that is to be. Go on—

Whit. My wife that is *not* to be—Zounds! will you hear me?

Sir Pat. To be, or *not* to be, is that the question? I can swear too, if it wants a little of that.

Whit. Dear Sir Patrick, hear me. I confess myself unworthy of her; I have the greatest regard for you, Sir Patrick; I should think myself honour'd by being in your family; but there are many reasons—

Sir Pat. To be sure there are many reasons why an old man should not marry a young woman; but that was your business, and not mine.

Whit. I have wrote a letter to your daughter, which I was in hopes you had seen, and brought me an answer to it.

Sir Pat. What the devil, Mr. Whizzle! do you make a letter-porter of me? Do you imagine, you dirty fellow, with your cash, that Sir Patrick O'Nale would carry your letters? I would have you know that I despise your letters, and all that belong to 'em; nor would I carry a letter to the king, Heaven bless him! unless it came from myself.

Whit. But, dear Sir Patrick, don't be in a passion for nothing.

Sir Pat. What, is it nothing to make a penny post-man of me? But I'll go to my daughter directly, for I have not seen her to-day; and if I find that you have written any thing that I won't understand, I shall take it as an affront to my family, and you shall either let out the noble blood of the O'Nales, or I will spill the last drop of the red puddle of the Whizzles. *(Going, and returns).* Harkee, you Mr. Whizzle, Wheezle, Whistle, what's your name? You must not stir till I come back; if you offer to ate, drink, or sleep, till my honour is satisfy'd, 'twill be the worst male you ever took in your life; you had better fast a year, and die at the end of six months, than dare to lave your house. So now, Mr. Weezle, you are to do as you plase. [*Exit.*

Whit. Now the devil is at work indeed! If some miracle don't save me, I shall run mad like my nephew, and have a long Irish sword through me into the bargain. While I am in my senses I won't have the woman; and therefore he that is out of them shall have her, if I give half my fortune to make the match. Thomas!

Enter THOMAS.

Whit. Sad work, Thomas!

Tho. Sad work, indeed! why would you think of marrying? I knew what it would come to.

Whit. Why, what is it come to?

Tho. It is in all the papers.

Whit. So much the better; then nobody will believe it.

Tho. But they come to me to inquire.

Whit. And you contradict it.

Tho. What signifies that? I was telling Lady Gabble's footman at the door just no, that it was all a lie; and your nephew looks out of the two-pair-of-stairs window, with eyes all on fire, and tells the whole story; Upon that there gather'd such a mob!

Whit. I shall be murder'd, and have my house pull'd down into the bargain!

Tho. It is all quiet again. I told them the young man was out of his senses, and that you were out of town; so they went away quietly, and said they would come and mob you another time.

Whit. Thomas, what shall I do?

Tho. Nothing you have done, if you will have matters mend.

Whit. I am out of my depth, and you won't lend me your hand to draw me out.

Tho. You are out of your depth to fall in love; swim away as fast as you can, you'll be drown'd if you marry.

Whit. I'm frighten'd out of my wits. Yes, yes, 'tis all over with me; I must not stir out of my house; but am order'd to stay to be murder'd in it, for aught I know. What are you muttering, Thomas? prithee speak out and comfort me.

Tho. It is all a judgment upon you; because your brother's foolish will says, the young man must have

your consent; you won't let him have her, but will marry the widow yourself; that's the dog in the manger; you can't eat the oats, and won't let those who can.

Whit. But I consent that he shall have both the widow and the fortune, if we can get him into his right senses.

Tho. For fear I should lose mine, I'll get out of bedlam as soon as possible; you must provide yourself with another servant.

Whit. The whole earth conspires against me! you shall stay with me till I die, and then you shall have a good legacy; and I won't live long I promise you.

[*Knocking at the door.*

Tho. Here are the undertakers already. [*Exit.*

Whit. What shall I do? My head can't bear it; I will hang myself for fear of being run thro' the body.

Tho. (returns with bills.) Half a score people I never saw before with these bills and draughts upon you for payment, sign'd Martha Brady.

Whit. I wish Martha Brady was at the bottom of the Thames! What an impudent extravagant baggage, to begin her tricks already! Send them to the devil, and say I won't pay a farthing!

Tho. You'll have another mob about the door.

[*Going.*

Whit. Stay, stay, Thomas; tell them I am very busy, and they must come to-morrow morning. Stay, stay, that is promising payment. No, no, no —tell 'em they must stay till I am married, and so they will be satisfied, and trick'd into the bargain.

Tho. When you are trick'd we shall all be satisfied. *(Aside.)* [*Exit Thomas.*

Whit. That of all dreadful things I should think of a woman, and that woman should be a widow, and that widow should be an Irish one; *quem Deus vult perdere*—Who have we here? another of the family, I suppose. [*Whittle retires.*

Enter WIDOW *as Lieutenant O'Neale, seemingly flutter'd, and putting up his sword,* THOMAS *following.*

Tho. I hope you are not hurt, Captain.

Wid. O not at all, at all; 'tis well they run away, or I should have made them run faster: I shall teach them how to snigger, and look through glasses at their betters. These are your *Maccaroons*, as they call themselves: By my soul but I would have stood still till I had overtaken them. These whipper-snappers look so much more like girls in breeches than those I see in petticoats, that fait and trot it is a pity to hurt 'em: The fair sex in London here seem the most masculine of the two. But to business; friend, where is your master?

Tho. There, Captain; I hope he has not offended you.

Wid. If you are impartinent, Sir, you will offend me. Lave the room.

Tho. I value my life too much not to do that—— What a raw-bon'd tartar! I wish he had not been caught and set here. [*Aside to his master, and Exit.*

Whit. Her brother, by all that's terrible! and as like her as two tygers! I sweat at the sight of him.

I'm sorry Thomas is gone—He has been quarrelling already.

Wid. Is your name Whittol?

Whit. My name is Whittle, not Whittol.

Wid. We shan't stand for trifles—And you were born and christen'd by the name of Thomas?

Whit. So they told me, Sir.

Wid. Then they told no lies, fait; so far, so good. [*Takes out a letter.*

Do you know that hand-writing?

Whit. As well as I know this good friend of mine, who helps me upon such occasions.

[*Showing his right-hand, and smiling.*

Wid. You had better not show your teeth, Sir, 'till we come to the jokes——the hand-writing is yours?

Whit. Yes, Sir, it is mine. [*Sighs.*

Wid. Death and powder! What do you sigh for? are you asham'd or sorry for handy-works?

Whit. Partly one, partly t'other.

Wid. Will you be plas'd, Sir, to read it aloud, that you may know it again when you hare it.

Whit. (*takes his letter and reads.*) *Madam*—(*reads.*)

Wid. Would you be plas'd to let us know what Madam you mean? for woman of quality, and woman of no quality, and woman of all qualities, are so mixt together, that you don't know one from t'other, and are all called *Madams*. You should always read the subscription before you open the letter.

Whit. I beg your pardon, Sir. I don't like this ceremony (*Aside.*) To Mrs. Brady in Pall-Mall.

Wid. Now prosade——Fire and powder, but I would——

Whit. Sir! what's the matter?

Wid. Nothing at all, Sir, pray go on.

Whit. (*reads.*) *Madam—as I prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my own passions——*

Wid. I will not prefer *your* happiness to the indulgence of *my* passions—Mr. Whittol; rade on.

Whit. I must confess that I am unworthy of your charms and virtues——

Wid. Very unworthy, indeed. Rade on, Sir.

Whit. I have for some days had a severe struggle between my justice and my passion——

Wid. I have had no struggle at all: My justice and passion are agreed.

Whit. The former has prevail'd; and I beg leave to resign you, with all your accomplishments, to some more deserving, though not more admiring servant, than your most miserable and devoted, Thomas Whittle.

Wid. And miserable and devoted you shall be—To the postscript; rade on.

Whit. Postscript: Let me have your pity, but not your anger.

Wid. In answer to this love epistle, you pitiful fellow, my sister presents you with her tinderest wishes; and assures you, that you have, as you desire, her pity, and she generously throws her contempt, too, into the bargain.

Whit. I'm infinitely oblig'd to her.

Wid. I must beg lave, in the name of all our fa-y, to present the same to you.

Whit. I am ditto to all the family.

Wild. But as a brache of promise to any of our family was never suffer'd without a brache into somebody's body, I have fix'd upon myself to be your operator; and I believe that you will find that I have as fine a hand at this work, and will give you as little pain, as any in the three kingdoms.

[*Sits down and loosens her knee bands.*

Whit. For Heaven's sake, Captain, what are you about?

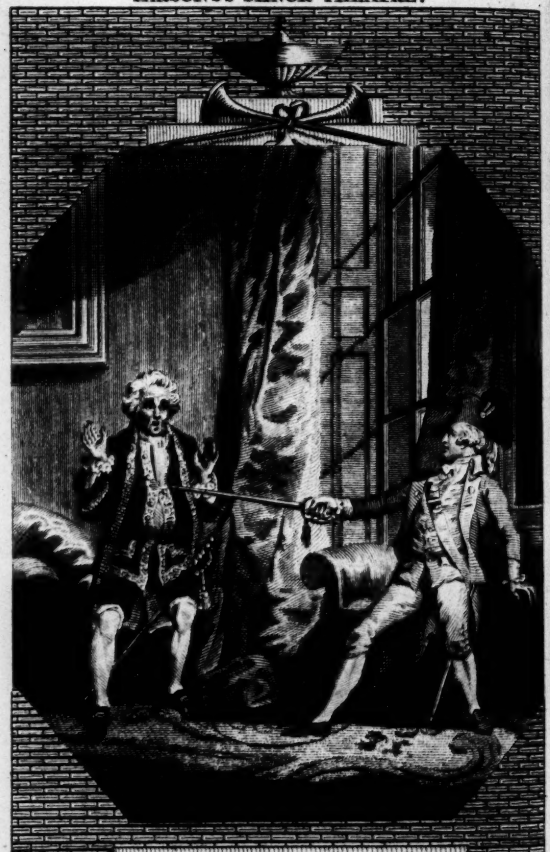
Wid. I always loosen my garters for the advantage of lunging: it is for your sake as well as my own; for I will be twice through your body before you shall feel me once.

Whit. What a bloody fellow it is! I wish Thomas would come in.

Wid. Come, Sir, prepare yourself; you are not the first by half a score that I have run through and through the heart, before they knew what was the matter with them.

Whit. But, Captain, suppose I will marry your sister.

Wid. I have not the laste objection, if you recover of your wounds. Callagon O'Connor lives very happy with my great aunt, Mrs. Deborah O'Neale, in the county of Galloway; except a small asthma he got by my running him through the lungs at the Currough: He would have forsaken her, if I had not stopp'd his perfidy, by a famous family styptic I have here. O ho! my little old boy, but you shall get it. [*Draws*



IRISH WIDOW.
Act 2. Sc. 1.

Printed for J. Parsons, at Paternoster Row. 1794.

Whit. What shall I do?—Well, Sir, if I must, I must: I'll meet you to-morrow morning in Hyde-Park, let the consequence be what it will.

Wid. For fear you might forget that favour, I must beg to be indulged with a little puching now. I have set my heart upon it; and two birds in hand is worth one in the bushes, Mr. Whittol.—Come, Sir.

Whit. But I have not settled my matters.

Wid. O we'll settle 'em in a trice, I warrant you.

[*Puts herself in a position.*

Whit. But I don't understand the sword; I had rather fight with pistols.

Wid. I am very happy it is in my power to oblige you. There, Sir, take your choice; I will plase you if I can. [*Offers pistols.*

Whit. Out of the pan into the fire! there's no putting him off: If I had chosen poison, I dare swear he had arsenic in his pocket. Look'ee, young gentleman, I am an old man, and you'll get no credit by killing me; but I have a nephew as young as yourself, and you'll get more honour in facing him.

Wid. Ay, and more pleasure too—I expect ample satisfaction from him, after I have done your business. Prepare, Sir.

Whit. What the devil! won't one serve your turn? I can't fight, and I won't fight: I'll do any thing rather than fight. I'll marry your sister. My nephew shall marry her: I'll give him all my fortune. What would the fellow have? Here Nephew! Thomas! murder! murder! [*He flies and she pursues.*

Enter BATES *and* NEPHEW.

Neph. What's the matter, Uncle?

Whit. Murder, that's all: That ruffian there would kill me, and eat me afterwards.

Neph. I'll find a way to cool him! Come out, Sir, I am as mad as yourself. I'll match you, I warrant you. [*Going out with him.*

Wid. I'll follow you all the world over. [*Going after him.*

Whit. Stay, stay, Nephew; you shan't fight: We shall be expos'd all over the town; and you may lose your life, and I shall be curs'd from morning to night. Do, Nephew, make yourself and me happy; be the olive-branch, and bring peace into my family: Return to the Widow. I will give you my consent and your fortune, and a fortune for the Widow! five thousand pounds! Do persuade him, Mr. Bates.

Bates. Do, Sir, this is a very critical point of your life. I know you love her; 'tis the only method to restore us all to our senses.

Neph. I must talk in private first with this hot young gentleman.

Wid. As private as you plase, Sir.

Whit. Take their weapons away, Mr. Bates; and do you follow me to my study to witness my proposal: It is all ready, and only wants signing. Come along, come along. [*Exit.*

Bates. Victoria! victoria! give me your sword and pistols: And now do your worst, you spirited

loving young couple; I could leap out of my skin!

[*Exit.*

Tho. (peeping in.) Joy, joy to you, ye fond charming pair! the fox is caught, and the young lambs may skip and play. I leave you to your transports!

[*Exit.*

Neph. O my charming Widow! what a day have we gone through.

Wid. I would go through ten times as much, to deceive an old amarous spark like your Uncle, to purchase a young one like his Nephew.

Neph. I listened at the door all this last scene; my heart was agitated with ten thousand fears. Suppose my Uncle had been stout, and drawn his sword.

Wid. I should have run away as he did. When two cowards meet the struggle is who shall run first; and sure I can beat an old man at any thing.

Neph. Permit me thus to seal my happiness; (*kisses her hand.*) and be assur'd that I am as sensible as I think myself undeserving of it.

Wid. I'll tell you what, Sir; were I not sure you deserv'd some pains, I would not have taken any pains for you: And don't imagine now, because I have gone a little too far for the man I love, that I shall go a little too far when I'm your wife. Indeed I shan't: I have done more than I should before I am your wife, because I was in despair; but I won't do as much as I may when I am your wife, though every Irish woman is fond of imitating English fashions.

Neph. Thou divine adorable woman!

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*

Enter WHITTLE *and* BATES.

Bates. Confusion! [*Aside.*

Whit. (*Turning to Bates.*) Hey day! I am afraid his head is not right yet! he was kneeling and kissing the Captain's hand. [*Aside to Bates.*

Bates. Take no notice, all will come about. [*Aside to Whittle.*

Wid. I find Mr. Whittol, your family loves kissing better than fighting: He swears I am as like my sister as two pigeons. I could excuse his raptures, for I had rather fight the best friend I have than slobber and salute him a la Francoise.

Enter Sir PATRICK O'NEALE.

Sir Pat. I hope, Mr. Whizzle, you'll excuse my coming back to give you an answer, without having any to give. I hear a grate deal of news about myself, and came to know if it be true. They say my son is in London, when he tells me himself by letter here, that he's at Limerick; and I have been with my daughter to tell her the news, but she would not stay at home to receive it, so I am come—*O gra ma chree, my little din ousil craw,* what have we got here? a piece of mummery! Here is my son and daughter too, fait: What, are you wearing the breeches, Pat, to see how they become you when you are Mrs. Weezel?

Wid. I beg your pardon for that, Sir! I wear them before marriage, because I think they become a woman better than after.

Whit. What, is not this your son? [*Astonished.*

Sir Pat. No, but it is my daughter, and that's the same thing.

Wid. And your niece, Sir, which is better than either.

Whit. Mighty well! and I suppose *you* have not lost your wits, young man!

Neph. I sympathize with you, Sir; we lost 'em together, and found 'em at the same time.

Whit. Here's villainy! Mr. Bates, give me the paper. Not a farthing shall they have 'till the law gives it 'em.

Bates. We'll cheat the law and give it them now.

[*Gives Nephew the paper.*

Whit. He may take his own, but he shan't have a sixpence of the five thousand pounds I promis'd him.

Bates. Witness, good folks, he owns to the promise.

Sir Pat. Fait I'll witness dat, or any thing else in a good cause.

Whit. What, am I chous'd again!

Bates. Why should not my friend be chous'd out of a little justice for the first time? Your hard usage has sharpen'd your Nephew's wits; therefore beware, don't play with edge-tools—you'll only cut your fingers.

Sir Pat. And your trote too: which is all one: Therefore, to make all azy, marry my daughter first, and then quarrel with her afterwards; that will be in the natural course of things.

Whit. Here, Thomas! where are you?

Enter THOMAS.

Whit. Here are fine doings! I am deceived, trick'd, and cheated!

Tho. I wish you joy, Sir; the best thing could have happen'd to you; and, as a faithful servant I have done my best to check you.

Whit. To check me!

Tho. You were galloping full speed, and down hill too; and, if we had not laid hold of the bridle, being a bad jockey, you would have hung by your horns in the stirrup, to the great joy of the whole town.

Whit. What, have *you* help'd to trick me?

Tho. Into happiness. You have been foolish a long while, turn about and be wise; he has got the woman and his estate: Give them your blessing, which is not worth much, and live like a Christian for the future.

Whit. I will if I can: But I can't look at 'em; I can't bear the sound of my voice, nor the sight of my own face. Look ye, I am distress'd and distracted! and can't come too yet: I will be reconcil'd, if possible; but don't let me see or hear from you, if you would have me forget and forgive you—I shall never lift up my head again!

Wid. I hope, Sir Patrick, that my preferring the Nephew to the Uncle will meet with your approbation: Though we have not so much money, we shall have more love; one mind and half a purse in marriage, are much better than two minds and two

purses. I did not come to England, nor keep good company, till it was too late to get rid of my country prejudices.

Sir Pat. You are out of my hands, Pat; so if you won't trouble me with your afflictions, I shall sincerely rejoice at your felicity.

Neph. It would be a great abatement of my present joy, could I believe that this lady should be assisted in her happiness, or be supported in her afflictions, by any one but her lover and husband.

Sir Pat. Fine notions are fine tings, but a fine estate gives every ting but ideas; and them too, if you'll appale to those who help you to spend it—What say you, Widow?

Wid. By your and their permission, I will tell my mind to this good company; and for fear my words should want ideas too, I will add an Irish tune, that may carry off a bad voice and bad matter.

SONG.

A Widow bewitch'd with her passion,
Tho' Irish, is now quite asham'd,
To think that she's so out of fashion,
To marry, and then to be tam'd:
'Tis love the dear joy,
That old fashion'd boy,
Has got in my breast wi h his quiver;
The blind urchin he,
Struck the *Cush la maw cree*,
And a husband secures me for ever!

Ye *fair ones* I hope will excuse me;
Though vulgar, pray do not abuse me;
I cannot become a fine lady,
O love has bewitch'd Widow Brady.

II.

Ye *Critics*, to murder so willing,
Pray see all our errors with blindness;
For once change your method of killing,
And kill a fond Widow with kindness.
If you look so severe,
In a fit of despair,
Again I will draw forth my steel, Sirs:
You know I've the art,
To be twice through your heart,
Before I can make you to feel, Sirs.
Brother *Soldiers* I hope you'll protect me,
Nor let cruel critics dissect me;
To favour my cause be but ready,
And grateful you'll find Widow Brady.

III.

Ye *Leaders* of dress and the fashions,
Who gallop post-haste to your ruin,
Whose taste has destroy'd all your passions,
Pray what do you think of my wooing?
You call it damn'd low,
Your heads and arms so, (*mimicks them*
So listless, so loose, and so lazy;
But pray what can you
That I cannot do?
O fie, *my dear craters be azy.*

Ye *Patriots* and *Courtiers* so hearty,
To speech it and vote for your party;
For once be both constant and steady,
And vote to support Widow Brady.

IV.

To all that I see here before me,
The bottom, the top, and the middle;
For music we now must implore you,
No wedding without pipe and fiddle.
If all are in tune,
Pray let it be soon;
My heart in my bosom is prancing!
If your hands should unite,
To give us delight,
O that's the best piping and dancing!
Your plaudits to me are a treasure,
Your smiles are a dow'r for a lady;
O joy to you all in full measure,
So wishes and prays Widow Brady.

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

Engraved by W. Ridley, from a Return by Shea.

Mr. FAWCETT.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row. Feb.y 1794.

THE LYAR.

A FARCE,

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

THE LYAR.

THIS entertaining production of the late Samuel Foote, as we are informed, was originally intended for the Hay-market Little Theatre; the profits of which were then shared between the Author and Mr. Murphy. But, under such directors, the Temple of Momus experienced a run of success, which continued throughout the season (1761) for which the Lyar was intended, and this good fortune rendered unnecessary any addition to the list of novelties.

On the following Winter, it was played for the first time on the boards of Covent Garden; but although Foote represented his own hero, it did not meet with so brilliant a reception as its merits entitled it to. This may be attributed to a disappointment in public expectation, and not to any fault in the piece itself. Its title was attractive, the town imagined the Wit had prepared his shaft for a partial mark, many a critic in the pit had formed his own object, and, before the drawing up of the curtain, the prevailing whisper was "Who can he mean?" Conjecture was entirely at an end at the close of the first act; and the spectators, who came prepared to see FOOTE, was not so well pleased as they otherwise would have been with his "Cap to fit many heads," but which they had imagined was intended, only for ONE.

This supposition is strengthened by the full houses it has since drawn. Indeed such acting as Palmer displays in Young Wilding may justify us in saying, that part of its popularity may be attributed to the exertions of that excellent comedian.

Dramatis Personae.

HAY-MARKET.

		Men.
Sir James Elliot,	-	Mr. R. Palmer
Old Wilding,	-	Mr. J. Aiken
Young Wilding,	-	Mr. Palmer
Papillion,	-	Mr. Burton.
		Women.
Miss Grantham,	-	Mrs. Goodall
Miss Godfrey,	-	Mrs. Brooke
Kitty,	-	Miss Barnes.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT various revolutions in our art,
Since Thespis first sold ballads in a cart!
By nature fram'd the witty war to wage,
And lay the deep foundations of the stage,
From his own soil that bard his pictures drew:
The gaping crowd the mimic features knew,
And the broad jest with fire electric flew.
Succeeding times, more polish'd and refin'd,
To rigid rules the comic muse confin'd.
Robb'd of the nat'ral freedom of her song,
In artful measures now she floats along.
No sprightly sallies rouse the slumb'ring pit:
Thalia, grown mere architect in wit,
To doors and ladders has confin'd her cares,
Convenient closets, and a snug back-stairs;
'Twixt her and Satire has dissolv'd the league,
And jilted Humour to enjoy Intrigue.
To gain the suff'rage of this polish'd age,
We bring to-night a stranger on the stage:
His sire De Vega, we confess this truth,
Lest you mistake him for a British youth.
Severe the censure on my feeble pen,
Neglecting manners, that she copies men,
Thus, if I hum or ha, or name report,
'Tis Serjeant Splitcause from the Inns of Court;—

If at the age that ladies cease to dance,
To romp at Ranelagh, or read romance,
I draw a dowager inclin'd to man,
Or paint her rage for china or japan,
The true original is quickly known,
And Lady Squab proclaim'd throughout the town.
But in the following group let no man dare
To claim a limb, nay, not a single hair:
What gallant Briton can be such a sot
To own the child a Spaniard has begot?

THE LYAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Young Wilding's Lodgings.*

YOUNG WILDING *and* PAPILLION *discovered.*

Young Wilding.

AND am I now, Papillion, perfectly equipp'd?

Pap. Personne mieux. Nobody better.

Y. Wild. My figure?

Pap. Fait a peindre.

Y. Wild. My air?

Pap. Libre.

Y. Wild. My address?

Pap. Parisiene.

Y. Wild. My hat sits easily under my arm; not like the draggled tail of my tatter'd academical habit.

Pap. Ah, bien autre chose.

Y. Wild. Why, then, adieu Alma Mater, and bien venue la ville de Londre; farewell to the schools,

and welcome the theatres; presidents, proctors, short commons with long graces, must now give place to plays, bagnios, long tavern-bills with no graces at all.

Pap. Ah, bravo, bravo!

Y. Wild. Well, but my dear Papillion, you must give me the chart du paye. This town is a new world to me; my provident papa, you know, would never suffer me near the smoke of London; and what can be his motive for permitting me now, I can't readily conceive.

Pap. Ni moi.

Y. Wild. I shall, however, take the liberty to conceal my arrival from him for a few days.

Pap. Vous avez raison.

Y. Wild. Well, my Mentor, and how am I to manage? Direct my road: where must I begin? But the debate is, I suppose, of consequence?

Pap. Vraiment.

Y. Wild. How long have you left Paris, Papillion?

Pap. Twelve, dirteen year.

Y. Wild. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

Pap. The accent is difficult.

Y. Wild. But here you are at home.

Pap. C'eſt vrai.

Y Wild. No stranger to fashionable places.

Pap. O faite!

Y. Wild. Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both sexes.

Pap. Sans doute.

Y. Wild. Well then, open your lecture: And, d'ye hear, Papillion, as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us. See me ready to slake my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here then I disclose my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

Y. Wild. Hey, Papillion?

Pap. Sir?

Y. Wild. What is this? why, you speak English!

Pap. Without doubt.

Y. Wild. But like a native.

Pap. To be sure.

Y. Wild. And what am I to conclude from all this?

'*Pap.* Logically thus, Sir: Whoever speaks pure 'English is an Englishman. I speak pure English; 'ergo, I am an Englishman. There's a categorical 'syllogism for you, major, minor, and consequence. 'What! do you think, Sir, that whilst you was busy 'at Oxford, I was idle? No, no, no.

'*Y. Wild.* Well, Sir, but notwithstanding your 'pleasantry, I must have this matter explain'd.

'*Pap.* So you shall, my good Sir; but don't be 'in such a hurry. You can't suppose I would give 'you the key, unless I meant you should open the 'door.

'*Y. Wild.* Why then, prithee, unlock it.

'*Pap.* Immediately. But by way of entering upon my post as preceptor, suffer me first to give you a hint. You must not expect, Sir, to find here, as at Oxford, men appearing in their real characters: every body there, Sir, knows that Dr. Mussy is a fellow of Maudlin, and Tom Trifle a student of Christ-church; but this town is one great comedy, in which not only the principles, but frequently the persons, are feigned.

'*Y. Wild.* A useful observation.

'*Pap.* Why now, Sir, at the first coffee-house I shall enter you, you will perhaps meet a man, from whose decent sable dress, placid countenance, insinuating behaviour, short sword, with the waiter's civil addition of *A dish of coffee for Dr. Julap*, you would suppose him to be a physician.

'*Y. Wild.* Well?

'*Pap.* Does not know diascordium from diaculum. An absolute French spy, concealed under the shelter of a huge medicinal perriwig.

'*Y. Wild.* Indeed!

'*Pap.* A martial figure, too, it is odds but you will encounter; from whose scars, title, dress, and address, you would suppose to have had a share in every action since the peace of the Pyrenees; runner to a gaming table, and bully to a bawdy-house. Battles, to be sure, he has been in—with the watch; and frequently a prisoner too in the round-house.

'*Y. Wild.* Amazing!

'*Pap.* In short, Sir, you will meet with lawyers who practise smuggling, and merchants who trade

'upon Hounslow-heath; reverend atheists, right 'honourable sharpers, and Frenchmen from the 'county of York.

'*Y. Wild.* In the last list I presume, you roll.

'*Pap.* Just my situation.

'*Y. Wild.* And pray, Sir, what may be your mo-'tive for this whimsical transformation?

'*Pap.* A very harmless one, I promise you. I 'would only avail myself at the expence of folly and 'prejudice.

'*Y. Wild.* As how?'

Pap. Why, Sir——But to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Y. Wild. Prithee do.

Pap. Why then, you are to know, Sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies with which our county of York is so plentifully stocked.

Y. Wild. But to the point: Why this disguise? why renounce your country?

Pap. There, Sir, you make a little mistake; it was my country that renounced me.

Y. Wild. Explain.

Pap. In an instant: upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

Y. Wild. What, an author too?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one. The whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inspection; physic

divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress managed herself. There, Sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemn'd books I never read; and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original.

Y. Wild. Ah! why, I thought acuteness of discernment, and depth of knowledge, were necessary to acomplish a critic.

Pap. Yes, Sir; but not a monthly one. Our method was very concise. We copy the title-page of a new book; we never go any further. If we are ordered to praise it, we have at hand about ten words, which, scatter'd through as many periods, effectually does the business; as, "laudable design, happy ar- "rangement, spirited language, nervous sentiment, "elevation of thought, conclusive argument." If we are to decry, then we have, "unconnected, flat, false, illiberal, stricture, reprehensible, unnatural:" And thus, Sir, we pepper the author, and soon rid our hands of his work.

Y. Wild. A short recipe!

Pap. And yet, Sir, you have all the materials that are necessary? These are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all subjects are equal; plays or sermons, poetry or politics, music or midwifery, it is the same thing.

Y. Wild. How came you to resign this easy employment?

Pap. It would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves; our

work hung upon hand, and all I could get from the Publisher was four shillings a-week and my small beer. Poor pittance!

Y. Wild. Poor, indeed.

Pap. Oh, half-starv'd me.

Y. Wild. What was your next change?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to choose. 'Some 'would have me turn player, and others methodist 'preacher; but as I had no money to build me a ta- 'bernacle, I did not think it could answer; and as 'to player,——whatever might happen to me, I was 'determined not to bring a disgrace upon my family; 'and so I resolv'd to turn footman.

'*Y. Wild.* Wisely resolv'd.

'*Pap.* Yes, Sir, but not so easily executed.

'*Y. Wild.* No!

'*Pap.* Oh no, Sir. Many a weary step have I 'taken after a place. Here I was too old, there I 'was too young; here the last livery was too big, 'there it was too little; here I was aukward, there I 'was knowing: Madam disliked me at this house, 'her ladyship's woman at the next: so that I was as 'much puzzled to find out a place, as the great Cy- 'nic philosopher to discover a man. In short I was 'quite in a state of despair,' when chance threw an old friend in my way that quite retrieved my affairs.

Y. Wild. Pray, who might he be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I opened my melancholy story to him over three penny-worth of beef-a-la-mode, in a cellar

in St. Ann's. My little foreign friend purs'd up his lanthorn jaws, and with a shrug of contempt, "Ah, maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no finesse: to thrive here you must study the folly of your own country." "How, Monsieur?" "Taisez vous: keep a your tongue. Autrefois I teach you speak French, now I teach-a you to forget English. Go vid me to my lodgement, I vil give you proper dress, den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house; you will find all de doors dat was shut in your face as footman Anglois, will fly open demselves to a French valet de chambre."

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion?

Pap. Gad, Sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determin'd to follow my friend's advice.

Y. Wild. Did it succeed?

Pap. Better than expectation. My tawny face, long queu, and broken English, was a passe-partout. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, Sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master: these, Sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, Sir, to the point: As you were pleased to be so candid with me, I was determined to have no reserve with you. You have studied books, I have studied men; you want advice, and I have some at your service.

Y. Wild. Well, I'll be your customer.

Pap. But guard my secret. If I should be so unfortunate as to lose your place, don't shut me out from every other.,

Y. Wild. You may rely upon me.

Pap. In a few years I shall be in a condition to retire from business? but whether I shall settle at my family-seat, or pass over to the continent, is as yet undetermined. Perhaps, in gratitude to the country, I may purchase a marquisate near Paris, and spend the money I have got by their means generously amongst them.

Y. Wild. A grateful intention. But let us sally. Where do we open?

Pap. Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day: the Mall will be crowded.

Y. Wild. Allons.

Pap. But don't stare, Sir: survey every thing with an air of habit and indifference.

Y. Wild. Never fear.

Pap. But I would, Sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a subject that may prove very material to you.

Y. Wild. Proceed.

Pap. You will pardon my presumption; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

Y. Wild. What is it?

Pap. And yet it is a pity too, you do it so very well.

Y. Wild. Prithee be plain.

Pap. You have, Sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

Y. Wild. Well.

Pap. But now and then in your narratives you are hurry'd, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable, a little given to the marvellous.

Y. Wild. I understand you: what, I am somewhat subject too lying?

Pap. Oh, pardon me, Sir; I don't say that; no, no: only a little apt to embellish; that's all. To be sure it is a fine gift, that there is no disputing: but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attach'd to matter of fact—And yet this talent of yours is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose, I can't for my life determine.

Y. Wild. You would advise me then not to be quite so poetical in my prose?

Pap. Why, Sir, if you would descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

Y. Wild. I'll think of it.

Pap. Besides, Sir, in this town, people are more smoky and suspicious. Oxford, you know, is the seat of the muses; and a man is naturally permitted more ornament and garniture to his conversation, than they will allow in this latitude.

Y. Wild. I believe you are right. But we shall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion; if at any time you find me too poetical, give me a hint; your advice shan't be thrown away. [*Exit.*

Pap. I wish it mayn't; but the disease is too rooted to be quickly removed. Lord, how I have

sweat for him! yet he is as unembarrassed, easy, and fluent, all the time, as if he really believed what he said. Well, to be sure, he is a great master; it is a thousand pities his genius could not be converted to some public service. I think the government should employ him to answer the Brussels Gazette. I'll be hang'd if he is not too many for Monsieur Maubert, at his own weapons. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Park.*

Enter Miss GRANTAM *Miss* GODFREY, *and* SERVANT.

M. Gr. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-gardens; for your mistress and I shall call at Lady Bab's, Miss Arabella Allnight's, the Countess of Crumple's, and the tall man's, this morning. My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out! Why, child, you are as tedious as a long morning. Do you know now, that of all places of public rendezvous I honour the Park? forty thousand million of times preferable to the play-house! Don't you think so, my dear?

M. God. They are both well in their way.

M. Gr. Way! why, the purpose of both is the same; to meet company, i'n't it? What, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? ha, ha! well, that is well enough. But, O Gemini! I beg a million of pardons: You are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

M. God. Liberties in public!

M. Gr. Yes, child; such as encoring a song at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical scene of distress, hallooing to a pretty fellow cross the Mall as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know now, my dear, that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a crowd, on a Sunday, as if I was the Tripoly ambassador?

M. God. The good fortune, Ma'am! Surely the wish of every decent woman is to be unnotic'd in public.

M. Gr. Decent! oh, my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion! Decency is, child, a mere bourgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas: You are a fine girl, and we must not have you lost; I'll undertake you myself. But, as I was saying—Pray, my dear, what was I saying?

M. God. I profess I don't recollect.

M. Gr. Hey!—Oh, ah! the Park. One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connections.

M. God. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know that all my male friendships are form'd in this place?

M. God. It is an odd spot: But you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

Dayes, inv. Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row, Feb. 1794. Barn sc.

M. Gr. Oh, I will convince you in a moment; for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure.

M. God. Nay, for Heaven's sake!

M. Gr. I am determin'd, child: that is—

M. God. You will excuse my withdrawing.

M. Gr. Oh, please yourself, my dear.

[*Exit Miss Godfrey.*

Enter YOUNG WILDING *with* PAPILLION.

Y. Wild. Your Ladyship's handkerchief, Ma'am.

M. Gr. I am, Sir, concern'd at the trouble—

Y. Wild. A most happy incident for me, Madam; as chance has given me an honour, in one lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

M. Gr. Is this meant to me, Sir?

Y. Wild. To whom else, Madam? Surely, you must have mark'd my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance; to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottos, I have pursued you like your shadow; I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit nnd entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it; stop him who can.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night your ladyship's portal, as a centinel the powder magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America! well pull'd.

M. Gr. You have serv'd in America then?

Y. Wild. Full four years, Ma'am: and during that whole time, not a single action of consequence, but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity, affirm, I did not miss the occasion. You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now?

Y. Wild. The project to surprise that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There indeed the whole army did me justice.

M. Gr. I have heard the honour of that conquest attributed to another name.

Y. Wild. The mere taking the town, Ma'am. But that's a trifle: Sieges now-a-days are reduc'd to certainties; it is amazing how minutely exact we, who know the business, are at calculation. For instance now, we will suppose the commander in chief, addressing himself to me, was to say, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expence?"—"Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds."

M. Gr. And you should be near the mar?

Y. Wild. To an odd joint, Ma'am. But, Madam, it is not to the French alone that my feats are confin'd: Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and

Eees of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, Sir.

Y. Wild. Hands off!—Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, Madam, than terrible in battle. To me we owe the friendship of the Five Nations; and I had the first honour of smoking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter.

M. Gr. And so young!

Y. Wild. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs: he shall present you with the wampum belt and a scalping-knife. Will you permit him, Madam, just to give you a taste of the military-dance, with a short specimen of their war-hoop.

Pap. For Heaven's sake!

M. Gr. The place is too public.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I return'd to reap the harvest of the well-fought field. Here it was my good fortune to encounter you; then was the victor vanquished; what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant atchiev'd; prouder to serve here than command in chief elsewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquish'd world.

M. Gr. I have got here a most heroical lover:

But I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him.——[*Aside.*]——Well, Sir, I accept the tendre of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at present it is necessary we should separate.

Y. Wild. "Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence?

M. Gr. Sir?

Y. Wild. Your place of abode.

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that; you have a whole year stood centinel at my ladyship's portal.

Y. Wild. Madam, I—I—I——

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, your servant. Ha, ha, ha! What, you are caught? ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Pap. That last was an unlucky question, Sir.

Y. Wild. A little mal-a-propos, I must confess.

Pap. A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

Y. Wild. Poh! I'll soon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is. Hark ye, Papillion, could not you contrive to pump out of her footman—I see there he stands—the name of his mistress?

Pap. I will try. [*Exit.*

[*Wilding retires to the back of the stage.*

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT *and* SERVANT.

Sir Ja. Music and an entertainment?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Sir Ja. Last night, upon the water!

Ser. Upon the water, last night.

Sir Ja. Who gave it?

Ser. That, Sir, I can't say.

To them WILDING.

Y. Wild. Sir James Elliot, your most devoted.

Sir Ja. Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you; you seem'd upon an interesting subject?

Sir Ja. Oh, an affair of gallantry.

Y. Wild. Of what kind?

Sir Ja. A young lady regal'd last night by her lover on the Thames.

Y. Wild. As how?

Sir Ja. A band of music in boats.

Y. Wild. Were they good performers?

Sir Ja. The best. Then conducted to Marblehall, where she found a magnificent collation.

Y. Wild. Well order'd?

Sir Ja. With elegance. After supper a ball; and, to conclude the night, a firework.

Y. Wild. Was the last well design'd?

Sir Ja. Superb.

Y. Wild. And happily executed?

Sir Ja. Not a single faux pas.

Y. Wild. And you don't know who gave it?

Sir Ja. I can't even guess.

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ja. Why do you laugh?

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha! It was me.

Sir Ja. You!

Pap. You, Sir!

Y. Wild. Moi—me.

Pap. So, so, so; he's enter'd again.

Sir Ja. Why, you are fortunate to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

Y. Wild. Short! why, man, I have been in London these six weeks.

Pap. O Lord, O Lord!

Y. Wild. It is true, not caring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventur'd out but at nights.

Pap. I can hold no longer. Dear Sir——

Y. Wild. Peace, puppy.

Pap. A curb to your poetical vein.

Y. Wild. I shall curb your impertinence——But since the story is got abroad, I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir Ja. I shall hear it with pleasure——This is a lucky adventure: but he must not know he is my rival. [*Aside.*

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, between six and seven my goddess embarked at Somerset-stairs, in one of the companies barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing.

The conceits were pretty; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter; but, however, well tim'd, and, what was better, well taken.

Sir Ja. Doubtless.

Pap. At what a rate he runs!

Y. Wild. As soon as we had gained the centre of the river, two boats, full of trumpets, French-horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surry side, which were echoed by a suitable number of lutes, flutes, and hautboys, from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sail'd along, till the arches of the New Bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant dessert in Dresden China, by Robinson. Here the repast clos'd with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. Opposite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscawen's victory over the French was repeated: the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

Sir Ja. Surely you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes, this battle will sink him.

Y. Wild. True to the letter, upon my honour. I shan't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, feu d'artifice, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produced: it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses,

fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produc'd in a lavish abundance.

Sir Ja. The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

Y. Wild. Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

Pap Modest creature!

Sir Ja. I wish you joy of your success—For the present you will excuse me.

Y. Wild. Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

Sir Ja. For that I shall seize another occasion.

[*Exit.*

Pap. Nobly perform'd, Sir.

Y. Wild. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one question?

Y. Wild. Freely.

Pap. Pray, Sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams?

Y. Wild. Dreams! what dost mean by dreams?

Pap. Those ornamental reveries, those frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deem'd absolute flams.

Y. Wild. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed genius.

Pap. I must own, Sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

Y. Wild. No; a plebeian soul! But I will animate thy clay: mark my example, follow my steps, and in time thou may'st rival thy master.

Pap. Never, never, Sir; I have not talents to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't

cost me a farthing—Besides, Sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year?

Y. Wild. The better to plead the length, and consequently the strength, of my passion.

Pap. But why, Sir, a soldier?

Y. Wild. How little thou know'st of the sex! What, I suppose thou would'st have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools. What, do'st think that women are to be got like degrees?

Pap. Nay, Sir——

Y. Wild. No, no; the scavoir vivre is the science for them; the man of war is their man: they must be taken like towns, by lines of approach, counterscarps, angles, trenches, coehorns, and covert-ways; then enter sword-in-hand, pell-mell! Oh, how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swapinback, Count Rousomousky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fustinburg! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller; but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the sighing, dying, crying crotchets, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

Pap. Very well, Sir, this is all very lively; but remember the travelling pitcher; if you don't one time or other, under favour, lie yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be hanged.

Y. Wild. Do you think so, Papillion?—And whenever that happens, if I don't lie myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucify'd. And so, along after the lady—[*Stops short, going out.*] Zounds, here comes my father! I must fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to Cardigan, [*Exeunt separately.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Tavern.*

YOUNG WILDING *and* PAPILLION *rising from table.*

Young Wilding.

GAD, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the same thing; for I saw him join Sir James Elliot: so your arrival is no longer a secret.

Y. Wild. Why then I must lose my pleasure, and you your preferment: I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so flutter'd at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair: Prithee, who is she?

Pap. There were two.

Y. Wild. That I saw.

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Y. Wild. And her fortune?

Pap. Immense.

Y. Wild. Single, I hope?

Pap. Certainly.

Y. Wild. Then will I have her.

Pap. What, whether she will or no?

Y. Wild. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that?

Y. Wild. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

Pap. I don't understand you, Sir.

Young Wild. Oh, I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see, by the calculation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expence of the lady's reputation, perhaps.

Y. Wild. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, Sir?

Y. Wild. Why, where's the injury?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame!

Y. Wild. I will restore it to her again.

Pap. How?

Y. Wild. Turn tinker, and mend it myself.

Pap. Which way?

Y. Wild. The old way? solder it by marriage that, you know, is the modern salve for every sore.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. An elderly gentleman to inquire for Mr. Wilding.

Y. Wild. For me! what sort of a being is it?

Wait. Being, Sir!

Y. Wild. Ay; how is he dress'd?

Wait. In a tye-wig and snuff-colour'd coat.

Pap. Zooks, Sir, it is your father.

Y. Wild. Show him up. [*Exit Wait.*

Pap. And what must I do?

Y. Wild. Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank; I have a reason for it.

Enter OLD WILDING.

O. Wild. Your servant, Sir: you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You have just prevented me, Sir: I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

O. Wild. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharged it.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me?

Y. Wild. Six weeks! I have scarce been six hours.

O. Wild. Come, come; I am better inform'd.

Y. Wild. Indeed, Sir, you are impos'd upon. This gentleman (whom first give me leave to have the honour of introducsng to you), this, Sir, is the Marquis de Chatteau Briliant, of an ancient house in Brittany; who, travelling through England, chose to make Oxford for some time the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

O. Wild. Does he speak English?

Y. Wild. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, Sir——

O. Wild. Any services, Sir, that I can render you here, you may readily command.

Pap. Beaucoup d'honeur.

Y. Wild. This gentleman, I say, Sir, whose qua-

lity and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you, that yesterday we left Oxford together.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. C'est vrai.

O. Wild. This is amazing. I was at the same time inform'd of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interfer'd with a favourite scheme of my own.

Y. Wild. What could that be, pray, Sir?

O. Wild. That you had conceiv'd a violent affection for a fair lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passon.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir!

O. Wild. Particularly last night; music, collations, balls, and fire-works.

Y. Wild. Monsieur le Marquis!—And pray, Sir, who could tell you all this?

O. Wild. An old friend of yours.

Y. Wild. His name, if you please?

O. Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Y. Wild. Yes; I thought he was the man.

O. Wild. Your reason.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is upon the whole a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

O. Wild. What may that be?

Y. Wild. Why you can't, Sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent?

O. Wild. How!

Y. Wild. Oh, notorious to a proverb. His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is with a vengeance. Why, he will tell ye more lies in an hour, than all the circulating libraries put together will publish in a year.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville at Oxford: he was always distinguished by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

O. Wild. Amazing!

Y. Wild. Lord, Sir, he is so well understood in his own country, that, at the last Hereford assize, a cause, as clear as the sun, was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

O. Wild. A strange turn!

Y. Wild. Unaccountable. But there, I think, they went a little too far; for if it had to an oath, I don't think he would have bounc'd neither; but in common occurrences, there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

O. Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Y. Wild. That may be; but can there be a stronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you of fire-works, and the Lord-knows-what! And I dare swear, Sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

O. Wild. Extremely.

Y. Wild. Yes, that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, Marquis?

Pap. Oh, dat is all a fiction, upon mine honour.

Y. Wild. You see, Sir, Sir——

O. Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, become a kind of constitutional liars.

Y. Wild. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

Pap. I'm sure it is yours. [*Aside.*

O. Wild. Well, Sir, I suppose we shall see you this evening.

Y. Wild. The Marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promis'd to attend: besides, Sir, as he is an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.

O. Wild. Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make, in which you are deeply concern'd.

Y. Wild. I shall attend your commands; but where?

O. Wild. Why, here. Marquis, I am your obedient servant.

Pap. Votre serviteur tres humble.

[*Exit Old Wilding.*

Y. Wild. So, Papillion, that difficulty is dispatch'd. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Most ingeniously manag'd:—but are not you afraid of the consequence?

Y. Wild. I don't comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Y. Wild. That may embarrass: but the day is distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to advise.

Y. Wild. Why, to say truth. I do begin to find my system attended with danger. Give me your hand, Papillion—I will reform.

Pap. Ah, Sir!

Y. Wild. I positively will. Why, this practice may in time destroy my credit.

Pap. That is pretty well done already. [*Aside.*]—Ay, think of that, Sir.

Y. Wild. Well, if I don't turn out the merest dull matter-of-fact fellow—But, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is—

Pap. Godfrey; her father, an India governor shut up in the strong room at Calcutta, left her all his wealth: she lives near Miss Grantam, by Grosvenor-square.

Y. Wild. A governor!—Oh ho!—Bushels of rupees and pecks of pagodas, I reckon. Well, I long to be rummaging. But the old gentleman will soon return: I will hasten to finish my letter, But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concern'd?

Pap. I can't guess.

Y. Wild. I shall know presently. To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Gros-

venor-square. Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lie.

Pap. You won't Sir?

Y. Wild. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and sincere.

Pap. And if you are, it will be the first time.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Miss Grantam's House.*

Enter Miss GRANTAM *and Miss* GODFREY.

M. God. And you really like this gallant spark?

M. Gr. Prodigiously! Oh, I'm quite in love with his assurance! I wonder who he is: he can't have been long in town: A young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way into the best of company.

M. God. By way of amusement he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't surely have any serious designs upon him?

M. Gr. Indeed but I have.

M. God. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

M. Gr. Oh, no!

M. God. What is your intention in regard to him?

M. Gr. Hey?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

M. God. Thou art a strange giddy girl.

M. Gr. Quite the reverse? a perfect pattern of prudence; why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse?

M. God. My dear?

M. Gr. Why, I say, child, my fortune being in money, I have some in India-bonds, some in the bank, some on this loan, some on the other! so that if one fund fails, I have a sure resource in the rest.

M. God. Very true.

M. Gr. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love-affairs: If I should not like this man—if he should not like me—if we should quarrel—if, if—or in short, if any of the ifs should happen which you know break engagements every day, why, by this means I shall be never at a loss.

M. God. Quite provident. Well, and pray on how many different securities have you at present plac'd out your love?

M. Gr. Three: The sober Sir James Elliot; the new America-man; and this morning I expect a formal proposal from an old friend of my father.

M. God. Mr. Wilding?

M. Gr. Yes; but I don't reckon much upon him: for you know, my dear, what can I do with an awkward, raw, college cub! Though upon second thoughts, that mayn't be too bad neither; for as I must have the fashioning of him, he may be easily moulded to one's mind.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Wilding, Madam.

M. Gr. Show him in. [*Exit Servant.*]—You need not go, my dear; we have no particular business.

M. God. I wonder, now, what she calls particular business.

Enter Old WILDING.

O. Wild. Ladies, your servant. I wait upon you, Madam, with a request from my son, that he may be permitted the honour of kissing your hand.

M. Gr. Your son is in town then?

O. Wild. He came last night, Ma'am; and though but just from the university, I think I may venture to affirm with as little the air of a pedant as——

M. Gr. I don't, Mr. Wilding, question the accomplishments of your son; and shall own too, that his being descended from the old friend of my father is to me the strongest recommendation.

O. Wild. You honour me, Madam.

M. Gr. But, Sir, I have something to say—

O. Wild. Pray, Madam, speak out; it is impossible to be too explicit on these important occasions.

M. Gr. Why then, Sir, to a man of your wisdom and experience, I need not observe, that the loss of a parent to counsel and direct at this solemn crisis, has made a greater degree of personal prudence necessary in me.

O. Wild. Perfectly right, Ma'am.

M. Gr. We live, Sir, in a very censorious world; a young woman can't be too much on her guard; nor should I choose to admit any man in the quality of a lover, if there was not at least a strong probability—

O. Wild. Of a more intimate connection. I hope, Madam, you have heard nothing to the disadvantage of my son.

M. Gr. Not a syllable: but you know, Sir, there are such things in nature as unaccountable antipathies, aversions, that we take at first sight. I should be glad there could be no danger of that.

O. Wild. I understand you, Madam: you shall have all the satisfaction imagionable: Jack is to meet me immediately; I will conduct him under your window; and if his figure has the misfortune to displease, I will take care his addresses shall never offend you. Your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*

M. Gr. Now, there is a polite, sensible, old father for you.

M. God. Yes; and a very discreet, prudent daughter he is likely to have. Oh, you are a great hypocrite Kitty.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. A letter for you Madam. [*To Miss Godfrey.*] Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyship. [*To Miss Grantam.*]

M. Gr. Lord, I hope he won't stay long here. He comes, and seems entirely wrapt up in the dismals: What can be the matter now?

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir Ja. In passing by your door, I took the liberty, Ma'am, of enquiring after your health.

M. Gr. Very obliging. I hope, Sir, you received a favourable account.

Sir Ja. I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

M. Gr. Cold! why, Sir, I hope I didn't sleep with my bed-chamber window open.

Sir Ja. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Sir!

Sir Ja. No, Ma'am; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

M. Gr. Upon the water!

Sir Ja. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be own'd, were a sufficient temptation.

M. Gr. What can he be driving at now?

Sir Ja. And pray, Madam, what think you of Young Wilding? is not he a gay, agreeable, sprightly—

M. Gr. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

Sir Ja. You don't know him!

M. Gr. No.

Sir Ja. And his father I did not meet at your door!

M. Gr. Most likely you did.

Sir Ja. I am glad you own that, however: But for the son, you never——

M. Gr. Set eyes upon him.

Sir Ja. Really?

M. Gr. Really.

Sir Ja. Finely supported. Now, Madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure?

M. Gr. Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir Ja. Ma'am, you do me honour: but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

M. Gr. And that is a wonder!—what, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose?

Sir Ja. Admirably rally'd! But I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

M. Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, Sir.

Sir Ja. Know then, and blush, if you are not all lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to last night's transactions.

M. Gr. Indeed!

Sir Ja. From your first entering the barge at Somerset-house, to your last landing at Whitehall.

M. Gr. Surprising!

Sir Ja. Cupids, collations, feasts, fire-works, all have reach'd me.

M. Gr. Why, you deal in magic.

Sir Ja. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

M. Gr. May I be indulg'd with the name of your informer?

Sir Ja. Freely, Madam. Only the very individual spark to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

M. Gr. But his name?

Sir Ja. Young Wilding.

M. Gr. You had this story from him?

Sir Ja. I had.

M. Gr. From Wilding!—That is amazing.

Sir Ja. Oh ho! what, you are confounded at last, and no evasion, no subterfuge, no—

M. Gr. Look ye, Sir James; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary behaviour, it is impossible for me to conceive; but if it is meant as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, less pains would have answer'd your purpose.

Sir Ja. Oh, Madam, I know you are provided.

M. Gr. Matchless insolence! As you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleas'd with the subject of this visit, you won't be surpris'd at my wishing it as short as possible.

Sir Ja. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence; but you may rest secure you will have no interruption for me; and I really think it would be a pity to part two people so exactly formed for each other. Your Ladyship's servant. [*Going*].—But Madam, though your sex secures you from any farther resentment, yet the present object of your favour may have something to fear. [*Exit.*

M. Gr. Very well. Now, my dear, I hope you will acknowledge the prudence of my plan. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduc'd, if my hopes had rested upon one lover alone!

M. God. But are you sure that your method to multiply may not be the means to reduce the number of your slaves?

M. Gr. Impossible!—Why, can't you discern that this flam of Sir James Elliot's is a mere fetch to favour his retreat!

M. God. And you never saw Wilding?

M. Gr. Never.

M. God. There is some mystery in this. I have

too, here in my hand, another mortification that you must endure.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

M. God. A little allied to the last: it is from the military spark you met this morning.

M. Gr. What are the contents?

M. God. Only a formal declaration of love.

M. Gr. Why, you did not see him.

M. God. But it seems he did me.

M. Gr. Might I peruse it?—"Battles—no wounds so fatal—cannon-balls—Cupid—spring a mine—cruelty—die on a counterscarp—eyes—artillery—death—the stranger." It is address'd to you.

M. God. I told you so.

M. Gr. You will pardon me, my dear; but I really can't compliment you upon the supposition of a conquest at my expence.

M. God. That would be enough to make me vain? But why do you think it was so impossible?

M. Gr. And do you positively want a reason?

M. God. Positively.

M. Gr. Why, then, I shall refer you for an answer to a faithful counsellor and most accomplish'd critic.

M. God. Who may that be?

M. Gr. The mirror upon your toilette.

M. God. Perhaps you may differ in judgment.

M. Gr. Why, can glasses flatter?

M. God. I can't say I think that necessary.

M. Gr. Saucy enough!—But come, child, don't let us quarrel upon so whimsical an occasion; time

will explain the whole. You will favour me with your opinion of Young Wilding at my window.

M. God. I attend you.

M. Gr. You will forgive me, my dear, the little hint I drop; it was meant merely to serve you; for indeed, child, there is no quality so insufferable in a young woman as self-conceit and vanity.

M. God. You are most prodigiously obliging.

M. Gr. I'll follow you, Miss. [*Exit Miss Godfrey.*] Pert thing!—She grows immoderately ugly. I always thought her aukward, but she is now an absolute fright.

M. God. (within). Miss, Miss Grantam, your hero's at hand.

M. Gr. I come.

M. God. As I live, the very individual stranger!

M. Gr. No sure!—Oh Lord, let me have a peep.

M. God. It is he, it is he, it is he! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter OLD WILDING, YOUNG WILDING, *and* PAPILLION.

O. Wild. There, Marquis, you must pardon me for though Paris be more compact, yet surely London covers a much greater quantity—Oh, Jack look at that corner house; how d'ye like it?

Y. Wild. Very well; but I don't see any thing extraordinary.

O. Wild. I wish, though, you were the master of what it contains.

Y. Wild. What may that be, Sir?

O. Wild. The mistress, you rogue you: a fine girl, and an immense fortune; ay, and a prudent sensible wench into the bargain.

Y. Wild. Time enough yet, Sir.

O. Wild. I don't see that: You are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

Y. Wild. Suppose, Sir, you were to repeat your endeavours; you have cordially my consent.

O. Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you disapprove of yourself?

O. Wild. Why, sirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family, by producing you. Now, Sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

Y. Wild. In the college cant, I shall beg leave to tick a little longer.

O. Wild. Why, then, to be serious, son, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and by providing the lady of that mansion for the purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

Y. Wild. Far be it from me to question your care; yet some preparation for so important a change——

O. Wild. Oh, I will allow you a week.

Y. Wild. A little more knowledge of the world.

O. Wild. That you may study at leisure.

Y. Wild. Now all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

O. Wild. You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

Y. Wild. You are then resolv'd?

O. Wild. Fix'd.

Y. Wild. Positively.

O. Wild. Peremptorily.

Y. Wild. No prayers—

O. Wild. Can move me.

Y. Wild. How the deuce shall I get out of this toil? [*Aside.*]—But suppose, Sir, there should be an unsurmountable objection?

O. Wild. Oh, leave the reconciling that to me; I am an excellent casuist.

Y. Wild. But I say, Sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

O. Wild. Impossible!—I don't understand you.

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir!—But on my knees first let me crave your pardon.

O. Wild. Pardon! for what?

Y. Wild. I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

O. Wild. Which way?

Y. Wild. I have done a deed——

O. Wild. Let's hear it.

Y. Wild. At Abington, in the county of Berks.

O. Wild. Well?

Y. Wild. I am——

O. Wild. What?

Y. Wild. Already married.

O. Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

Y. Wild. Married.

O. Wild And without my consent?

Y. Wild. Compell'd; fatally forc'd. Oh, Sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad, sad story, your rage would soon convert itself to pity.

O. Wild. What an unlucky event!—But rise, and let me hear it all.

Y. Wild. The shame and confusion I now feel renders that task at present impossible; I must therefore rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, Sir! I never heard one word of the matter.

O. Wild. Come, Marquis, favour me with the particulars.

Pap. Upon my vard, Sire, dis affair has so shock me, dat I am almost as incapable to tell de tale as your son.—[*To Young Wilding.*]—Dry-a your tears. What can I say, Sir?

Y. Wild. Any thing.—Oh!—[*Seems to weep.*]

Pap. You see, Sire.

O. Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgment.

Pap. Dis is great misfortunes, sans doute.

O. Wild. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

Pap. Oh, beaucoup; a great deal more.

O. Wild. But since the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worst at once. Well, Sir, at Abington?

Pap. Yes, at Abington.

O. Wild. In the county of Berks?

Pap. Dat is right, in the county of Berks.

Y. Wild. Oh, oh!

O. Wild. Ah, Jack, Jack! are all my hopes then—Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; who is the girl, pray, Sir?

Pap. De girl, Sir—[*Aside to Young Wilding.*]—Who shall I say?

Y. Wild. Any body.

Pap. For de girl, I can't say upon my vard.

O. Wild. Her condition?

Pap. Pas grande condition; dat is to be sure. But dere is no help—[*Aside to Young Wilding.*]—Sir, I am quite a-ground.

O. Wild. Yes, I read my shame in his reserve: some artful hussey.

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call hussey?

O. Wild. Or perhaps some common creature. But I'm prepar'd to hear the worst.

Pap. Have you no mercy?

Y. Wild. I'll step to your relief, Sir.

Pap. O Lord, a happy deliverance.

Y. Wild. Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady suffer by my silence. She is, Sir, of an ancient house and unblemished character.

O. Wild. That is something.

Y. Wild. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet——

O. Wild. Her name?

Y. Wild. Miss Lydia Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Sybthorp—I never heard of the name.—But proceed.

Y. Wild. The latter end of last long vacation, I went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his near Abington. There, at an assembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

O. Wild. Is she handsome?

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir, more beautiful——

O. Wild. Nay, no raptures; but go on.

Y. Wild. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

O. Wild. Modestly observ'd.

Y. Wild. I was deterr'd from a public declaration of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

O. Wild. Was that so decent?—But love and prudence, madness and reason.

Y. Wild. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I mistake not, we were in a retir'd room innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

O. Wild. What, unobserv'd by him?

Y. Wild. Entirely. But as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the same

place; I unhappily trod upon one of the brood; which so provoked the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

O. Wild. I have observ'd those creatures very fierce in defence of their young.

Pap. I shall hate a cat as long as I live.

Y. Wild. The noise rous'd the old gentleman's attention: he opened the door, and there discovered your son.

Pap. Unlucky.

Y. Wild. I rush'd to the door; but fatally my foot slipt at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom; the pistol in my hand went off by accident; this alarmed her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their servants, rush'd with united force upon me.

O. Wild. And so surpriz'd you!

Y. Wild. No, Sir; with my sword I for some time made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escap'd, but a raw bon'd, over-grown clumsy cook-wench, struck at my sword with a kitchen-poker, broke it in two, and compell'd me to surrender at discretion; the consequence of which is obvious enough.

O. Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combin'd to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

Y. Wild. May I hope, then, you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

O. Wild. Why, your situation is a sufficient excuse: all I blame you for is, your keeping it a secret from

me. With Miss Grantam I shall make an aukward figure; but the best apology is the truth: I'll hasten and explain it to her all—Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying business.

Y. Wild. Most melancholy. [*Exit Old Wilding.*

Pap. I am amaz'd, Sir, that you have so carefully conceal'd this transaction from me.

Y. Wild. Heyday! what, do you believe it too?

Pap. Believe it! why, is not the story of the marriage true?

Y. Wild. Not a syllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker?

Y. Wild. All invention. And were you really taken in?

Pap. Lord, Sir, how was it possible to avoid it?—Mercy on us! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

Y. Wild. Genius; the mere effects of genius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who so thoroughly know me!

Pap. But to prevent that for the future, could you not just give your humble servant a hint when you are bent upon bouncing. Besides, Sir, if you recollect your fix'd resolution to reform—

Y. Wild. Ay, as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic of invention: but in case of necessity—why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forc'd to use all my finesse.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Two letters, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pap. There are two things, in my conscience my master will never want; a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling of it.

Y. Wild. Hum! business begins to thicken upon us: A challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observ'd, but in their order; therefore the lady first. Let me see—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wife; now if I can get engaged in a chancery-suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to be idle. [*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Miss Godfrey's House.*

Miss GRANTAM *and Miss* GODFREY.

Miss Godfrey.

'UPON my word, Miss Grantam, this is but 'an idle piece of curiosity: you know the man is 'already dispos'd of, and therefore—

'*M. Gr.* That is true, my dear; but there is in 'this affair some mystery, that I must and will have 'explain'd.

M. God. Come, come, I know the grievance.—'You can't brook that this spark, though even a 'married man, should throw off his allegiance to 'you, and enter a volunteer in my service.

'*M. Gr.* And so you take the fact for granted?

'*M. God.* Have I not his letter?

'*M. Gr.* Conceited creature!—I fancy, Miss, by 'your vast affection for this letter, it is the first of 'the kind you have ever received.

'*M. God.* Nay, my dear, why should you be 'piqu'd at me? the fault is none of mine; I dropt 'no handkerchief; I threw out no lure; the bird 'came willingly to hand, you know.

'*M. Gr.* Metaphorical too! What, you are set-'ting up for a wit as well as a belle! Why, really,

'Madam, to do you justice, you have full as fine
'pretensions to one as the other.

'*M. God.* I fancy, Madam, the world will not
'form their judgment of either from the report of
'a disappointed rival.

'*M. Gr.* Rival! admirably rally'd—But let me
'tell you, Madam, this sort of behaviour, Madam,
'at your own house, whatever may be your beauty,
'is no great proof of your breeding, Madam.

'*M. God.* As to that, Ma'am, I hope I shall al-
'ways show a proper resentment to any insult that
'is offer'd me, let it be in whose house it will. The
'assignation, Ma'am, both time and place, was of
'your own contriving.

'*M. Gr.* Mighty well, Ma'am!

'*M. God.* But if, dreading a mortification, you
'think proper to alter your plan, your chair, I be-
'lieve, is in waiting.

'*M. Gr.* It is, Madam! then let it wait—Oh,
'what, that was your scheme! but it won't take,
'Miss: the contrivance is a little too shallow.

'*M. God.* I don't understand you.

'*M. Gr.* Cunning creature! So all this insolence
'was concerted, it seems; a plot to drive me out
'of the house, that you might have the fellow all
'to yourself: but I have a regard for your charac-
'ter, though you neglect it. Fie, Miss, a passion
'for a married man! I really blush for you.

'*M. God.* And I most sincerely pity you. But
'curb your choler alittle: the inquiry you are about

'to make requires rather a cooler disposition of 'mind; and by this time the hero is at hand.

'*M. Gr.* Mighty well; I am prepar'd. But, Miss 'Godfrey, if you really wish to be acquitted of all 'artificial underhand dealings in this affair, suffer 'me in your name to manage the interview.

'*M. God.* Most willingly: but he will recollect 'your voice.

'*M. Gr.* Oh, that is easily alter'd, [*Enter a maid, 'who whispers Miss Grantam, and exit.*]—It is he; 'but hide yourself, Miss, if you please.

'*M. God.* Your hood a little forwarder, Miss; 'you may be known, and then we shall have the 'language of politeness inflam'd to proofs of a vio-'lent passion.

M. Gr. You are prodigiously cautious.

SCENE II.—*The street.*

'*Enter* YOUNG WILDING.

'*Y. Wild.* This rendezvous is something in the 'Spanish taste, imported, I suppose, with the gui-'tar. At present, I presume the custom is confin'd 'to the great: but it will descend; and in a couple 'of months I shall not be surpriz'd to hear an at-'torney's hackney clerk rousing at midnight a mil-'liner's prentice, with an *Ally, Ally Croker*. But that, 'if I mistake not, is the temple; and see my god-'dess herself. Miss Godfrey!

[*Miss Grantam appears at the balcony.*

'*M. Gr.* Hush!

'*Y. Wild.* Am I right, Miss?

'*M. Gr.* Softly. You receiv'd my letter I see, 'Sir.

'*Y. Wild.* And flew to the appointment with 'more—

'*M. Gr.* No raptures, I beg. But you must not 'suppose this meeting meant to encourage your 'hopes.

'*Y. Wild.* How, Madam!

'*M. Gr.* Oh, by no means, Sir, for though I 'own your figure is pleasing, and your conversa-'tion—

'*M. God.* Hold, Miss; when did I ever converse 'with him? [*from within.*]

'*M. Gr.* Why, did not you see him in the park?

'*M. God.* True, Madam; but the conversation 'was with you.

'*M. Gr.* Bless me! you are very difficult. I say, 'Sir, though your person may be unexceptionable, 'yet your character—

'*Y. Wild.* My character!

'*M. Gr.* Come, come, you are better known 'than you imagine.

'*Y. Wild.* I hope not.

'*M. Gr.* Your name is Wilding.

'*Y. Wild.* How the deuce came she by that!—'True, Madam.

'*M. Gr.* Pray, have you never heard of a Miss 'Grantam?

'*Y. Wild.* Frequently.

'*M. Gr.* You have. And had you never any fa-

'vourable thoughts of that lady: Now mind,
'Miss.

'*Y. Wild.* If you mean as a lovor, never. The
'lady did me the honour to have a small de-
'sign upon me.

'*M. God.* I hear every word, Miss.

M. Gr. But you need not lean so heavy upon me;
'he speaks loud enough to be heard—I have been
'told, Sir, that—

'*Y. Wild.* Yes, Ma'am, and very likely by the
'lady herself.

'*M. Gr.* Sir!

'*Y. Wild.* Oh, Madam, I have another obliga-
'tion in my pocket to Miss Grantam, which must
'be discharg'd in the morning.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

'*Y. Wild.* Why, the lady, finding an old hum-
'ble servant of hers a little lethargic, has thought
'fit to administer me in a jealous draught, in order
'to quicken his passion.

'*M. Gr.* Sir, let me tell you——

'*M. God.* Have a care, you will betray yourself.

'*Y. Wild.* Oh, the whole story will afford you in-
'finite diversion; such a farrago of fights and
'feasts. But, upon my honour, the girl has a fer-
'tile invention.

'*M. God.* So! what, that story was yours; was
'it.

'*Y. Wild.* Pray, Madam, don't I hear another
'voice?

'*M. Gr.* A distant relation of mine.——Every

'syllable false.—But, Sir, we have another charge
'against you. Do you know any thing of a lady
'at Abington?

'*Y. Wild.* Miss Grantam again. Yes, Madam, I
'have some knowledge of that lady.

'*M. Gr.* You have? Well, Sir, and that being the
'case, how could you have the assurance—

'*Y. Wild.* A moment's patience, Ma'am. That
'lady, that Berkshire lady, will, I can assure you,
'prove no bar to my hopes.

'*M. Gr.* How, Sir; no bar?

'*Y. Wild.* Not in the least, Ma'am; for that lady
'exists in idea only.

'*M. Gr.* No such person!

'*Y. Wild.* A mere creature of the imagination.

'*M. Gr.* Indeed.

'*Y. Wild.* The attacks of Miss Grantam were so
'powerfully enforc'd too by paternal authority, that
'I had no method of avoiding the blow, but by the
'sheltering myself under the conjugal shield.

'*M. Gr.* You are not marry'd then?—But what
'credit can I give to the professions of a man, who
'in an article of such importance, and to a person of
'such respect——

Y. Wild. Nay, Madam, surely Miss Godfrey
'should not accuse me of a crime her own charms
'have occasion'd. Could any other motive, but the
'fear of losing her, prevail on me to trifle with a fa-
'ther, or compel me to infringe those laws which I
'have hitherto so inviolably observ'd?

'*M. Gr.* What laws, Sir?

'*Y. Wild.* The sacred laws of truth, Ma'am.

'*M. Gr.* There, indeed, you did yourself an infinite 'violence. But when the whole of the affair is dis-'cover'd, will it be so easy to get rid of Miss Gran-'tam? The violence of her passion, and the old 'gentleman's obstinacy——

'*Y. Wild.* Are nothing to a mind resolv'd.

'*M. Gr.* Poor Miss Grantam!

'*Y. Wild.* Do you know her, Madam?

'*M. Gr.* I have heard of her: but you, Sir, I 'suppose, have been long on an intimate footing?

'*Y. Wild.* Bred up together from children.

'*M. Gr.* Brave!—Is she handsome?

'*Y. Wild.* Her paint comes from Paris, and her 'femme de chambre is an excellent artist.

'*M. Gr.* Very well!—Her shape?

'*Y. Wild.* Pray, Madam, is not Curzon esteem-'ed the best stay-maker for people inclin'd to be 'crooked?

'*M. Gr.* But as to the qualities of her mind; for 'instance, her understanding?

'*Y. Wild.* Uncultivated.

'*M. Gr.* Her wit?

'*Y. Wild.* Borrowed.

'*M. Gr.* Her taste?

'*Y. Wild.* Trifling.

'*M. Gr.* And her temper?

'*Y. Wild.* Intolerable.

'*M. Gr.* A finish'd picture. But come, these are 'not your real thoughts: this is a sacrifice you think 'due to the vanity of our sex.

'*Y. Wild.* My honest sentiments: and, to con-
'vince you how thoroughly indifferent I am to tha
'lady, I would, upon my veracity, as soon take
'wife from the Grand Signior's seraglio.—Now
'Madam, I hope you are satisfy'd.

'*M. Gr.* And you would not scruple to acknow-
'ledge this before the lady's face?

'*Y. Wild.* The first opportunity.

'*M. Gr.* That I will take care to provide you.
'Dare you meet me at her house?

'*Y. Wild.* When?

'*M. Gr.* In half an hour.

'*Y. Wild.* But won't a declaration of this sort ap-
'pear odd at—a—

'*M. Gr.* Come, no evasion; your conduct an
'character seem to me a little equivocal, and I mus
'insist on this proof at least of——

'*Y. Wild.* You shall have it.

'*M. Gr.* In half an hour?

'*Y. Wild.* This instant.

'*M. Gr.* Be punctual.

'*Y. Wild.* Or may I forfeit your favour.

'*M. Gr.* Very well; till then, Sir, adieu.—No
'I think I have my spark in the toil; and if the fe
'low has any feeling, if I don't make him smart fo
'every article——Come, my dear, I shall stand i
'need of your aid. [*Exi*

'*Y. Wild.* So I am now, I think, arrived at a cr
'tical period. If I can but weather this point—
'But why should I doubt it? it is in the day of di
'tress only that a great man displays his abilities. B
'I shall want Papillion? where can the puppy be

'*Enter* PAPILLION.

'*Y. Wild.* So, Sir, where have you been rambling?

'*Pap.* I did not suppose you would want——

'*Y. Wild.* Want!——you are always out of the 'way. Here have I been forc'd to tell forty lies 'upon my own credit, and not a single soul to vouch 'for the truth of them.

'*Pap.* Lord, Sir, you know———

'*Y. Wild.* Don't plague me with your apologies; 'but it is lucky for you that I want your assistance. 'Come with me to Miss Grantam's.

'*Pap.* On what occasion?

'*Y. Wild.* An important one: but I'll prepare 'you as we walk.

'*Pap.* Sir, I am really—I could wish you would 'be so good as to——

'*Y. Wild.* What, desert your friend in the heat of 'battle! Oh, you poltroon!

'*Pap.* Sir, I would do any thing, but you know 'I have not talents.

'*Y. Wild.* I do; and for my own sake shall not 'task them too high.

'*Pap.* Now I suppose the hour is come when we 'shall pay for all.

'*Y. Wild.* Why, what a dastardly, hen-hearted— 'But come, Papillion, this shall be your last cam- 'paign. Don't droop, man; confide in your leader, 'and remember, *Sub auspice Teucro nil desperandum.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment in Miss Grantam's house.*

Enter a SERVANT, *conducting in* OLD WILDING.

Serv. My lady, Sir, will be at home immediately, Sir James Elliot is in the next room waiting her return.

O. Wild. Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him. [*Exit Serv.*] This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled all.

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir, I ask your pardon; but upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, Sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorps in Berkshire?

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. I don't mean as to property; that I am not so solicitous about; but as to their character: Do they live in reputation? Are they respected in the neighbourhood?

Sir Ja. The family of the Sybthorps!

O. Wild. Of the Sybthorps.

Sir Ja. Really I don't know, Sir.

O. Wild. Not know!

Sir Ja. No; it is the very first time I ever heard of the name.

O. Wild. How steadily he denies it! Well done, Ba-

ronet! I find Jack's account was a just one. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

Sir Ja. It will be to no purpose.

O. Wild. Come, Sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous, but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son: but I know the whole affair.

Sir Ja. What affair?

O. Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir Ja. What Jack?

O. Wild. My son Jack.

Sir Ja. Is he marry'd?

O. Wild. Is he marry'd! why, you know he is.

Sir Ja. Not I, upon my honour.

O. Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far: but to remove all your scruples at once, he has own'd it himself.

Sir Ja. He has!

O. Wild. Ay, ay, to me. Every circumstance: Going to your new purchase at Abington—meeting Lydia Sybthorp at the assembly—their private interviews—surpris'd by the father—pistol—poker—and marriage; in short, every particular.

Sir Ja. And this account you had from your son?

O. Wild. From Jack; not two hours ago.

Sir Ja. I wish you joy, Sir.

O. Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir Ja. Why, Sir, does the marriage displease you?

O. Wild. Doubtless.

Sir Ja. Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

O. Wild. Why so?

Sir Ja. You have got, Sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

O. Wild. I am happy to hear it.

Sir Ja. For though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.

O. Wild. Ay; exactly Jack's account.

Sir Ja. She'll be easily jointur'd.

O. Wild. Justice shall be done her.

Sir Ja. No provision necessary for younger children.

O. Wild. No, Sir! why not?—I can tell you, if she answers your account, not the daughter of a duke———

Sir Ja. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

O. Wild. You are merry, Sir.

Sir Ja. What an unaccountable fellow!

O. Wild. Sir!

Sir Ja. I beg your pardon, Sir. But with regard to this marriage———

O. Wild. Well, Sir!

Sir Ja. I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than an absolute fable.

O. Wild. How, Sir?

Sir Ja. Even so.

O. Wild. Why, Sir, do you think my son would dare to impose upon me?

Sir Ja. Sir, he would dare to impose upon anybody. Don't I know him?

O. Wild. What do you know?

Sir Ja. I know, Sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit; and that, whether from

constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

O. Wild. Oh, mighty well, Sir!——He wants to turn the tables upon Jack.—But it won't do; you are forestall'd; your novels won't pass upon me.

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. Nor is the character of my son to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir Ja. What is this?

O. Wild. No, no, Mr. Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir Ja. Mr. Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behaviour owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

O. Wild. Nor, Sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm, wither'd and impotent as you may think it.

Enter Miss GRANTAM.

M. Gr. Bless me, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

Sir Ja. No more at present, Sir: I have another demand upon your son; we'll settle the whole together.

O. Wild. I am sure he will do you justice.

M. Gr. How, Sir James Elliot! I flatter'd myself that you had finish'd your visits here, Sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only in-

sulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, Sir, what right——

O. Wild. Madam, I ask your pardon; a disagreeable occasion brought me here: I come, Madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer ally'd to you, my son unfortunately being married already.

M. Gr. Married!

Sir Ja. Yes, Madam, to a lady in the clouds: and because I have refus'd to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behav'd in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

O. Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserv'd for another occasion; but you, it seems——

M. Gr. Oh, is that the business!—Why, I begin to be afraid that we are here a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

O. Wild. Madam!

M. Gr. Your son has just confirm'd Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

O. Wild. Is it possible?

M. Gr. Most true; and assign'd two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

O. Wild. What can they be?

M. Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once; and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

O. Wild. You amaze me.

M. Gr. Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth; he has finely perplex'd us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

Sir Ja. Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

O. Wild. You have my consent. An abandon'd profligate! Was his father a proper subject for his —But I discard him.

M. Gr. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm: I can't think Mr. Wilding bad-hearted at the bottom. This is a levity.——

O. Wild. How, Madam, a levity!

M. Gr. Take my word for it, no more; inflam'd into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in my hands, both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

Sir Ja. I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

M. Gr. D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding? I am afraid my opinion with Sir James must cement the general peace.

O. Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Wilding to wait upon you, Madam.

[*Exit.*

M. Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction. You, Sir, will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abington business. You must likewise seemingly consent to his marriage with Miss Godfrey, whom I shrewdly suspect he has, by some

odd accident, mistaken for me; the lady herself shall appear at your call. Come, Sir James, you will withdraw. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction. Kitty?

Enter KITTY.

Let John show Mr. Wilding in to his father: then come to my dressing-room; I have a short scene to give you in study. [*Exit Kitty.*]——The girl is lively, and, I warrant, will do her character justice. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony; we must be as busy as bees.

[*Exit Miss Grantam and Sir James.*

O. Wild. This strange boy!—But I must command my temper.

Y. Wild. (*Speaking as he enters.*)——People to speak with me! See what they want, Papillion.—My father here! that's unlucky enough.

O. Wild. Ha, Jack, what brings you here?

Y. Wild. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantam, in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate—

O. Wild. Well, now, that is prudently as well as politely done.

Y. Wild. I am happy to meet, Sir, with your approbation.

O. Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Would it not be right to send for her home?

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. I think so. Why then, to-morrow my chariot shall fetch her.

Y. Wild. The devil it shall! [*Aside*]—Not quite so soon, if you please, Sir.

O. Wild. No! Why not?

Y. Wild. The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

O. Wild. What's the matter with her?

Y. Wild. She is big with child, Sir.

O. Wild. An audacious—Big with child! that is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage, and short stages, can't hurt her.

Y. Wild. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not trust her: she is six months gone.

O. Wild. Nay, then, there may be danger indeed. But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discovered the secret?

Y. Wild. By all means, Sir, it will make him extremely happy.

O. Wild. Why, then, I will instantly about it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

Y. Wild. Abington, Berkshire.

O. Wild. True; but his address?

Y. Wild. You need not trouble yourself, Sir: I shall write by this post to my wife, and will send your letter inclos'd.

O. Wild. Ay, ay, that will do. [*Going.*

Y. Wild. So, I have parry'd that thrust.

O. Wild. Though, upon second thoughts, Jack,

that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And these country gentlemen are full of punctilios—No, I'll send him a letter apart; so give me his direction.

Y. Wild. You have it, Sir.

O. Wild. Ay, but his name: I have been so hurry'd that I have entirely forgot it.

Y. Wild. I am sure so have I. [*Aside.*]—His name—his name, Sir—Hopkins.

O. Wild. Hopkins!

Y. Wild. Yes, Sir.

O. Wild. That is not the same name that you gave me before: that, if I recollect, was either Sypthorp or Sybthorp.

Y. Wild. You are right, Sir; that is his paternal appellation: but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's: so he is indiscriminately called Hopkins or Sybthorp; and now I recollect I have his letter in my pocket—he signs himself Sybthorp Hopkins.

O. Wild. There is no end of this: I must stop him at once. Hark ye, Sir, I think you are call'd my son?

Y. Wild. I hope, Sir, you have no reason to doubt it.

O. Wild. And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

Y. Wild. In having the honour of descending from you.

O. Wild. And that you think a sufficient pretension?

Y. Wild. Sir—pray, Sir—

O. Wild. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtain'd that distinguishing title? By their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose.

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. And has it never occurr'd to you, that what was gain'd by honour might be lost by infamy?

Y. Wild. Perfectly, Sir.

O. Wild. Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a lie demands; and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront?

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. Then, how dare you call yourself a gentleman? you, whose life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! And would nothing content you but making me a partner in your infamy? Not satisfied with violating that great band of society, mutual confidence, the most sacred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions!

Y. Wild. But, Sir!

O. Wild. Within this hour my life was near sacrific'd in defence of your fame: But perhaps that was your intention; and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Y. Wild. For heaven's sake, Sir.

O. Wild. What other motive?

Y. Wild. Hear me, I intreat you, Sir.

O. Wild. To be again impos'd on! no, Jack, my eyes are open'd at last.

Y. Wild. By all that's sacred, Sir—

O. Wild. I am now deaf to your delusions.

Y. Wild. But hear me, Sir. I own the Abington business—

O. Wild. An absolute fiction.

Y. Wild. I do.

O. Wild. And how dare you—

Y. Wild. I crave but a moment's audience.

O. Wild. Go on.

Y. Wild. Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met with a lady, whose charms——

O. Wild. So!—what, here's another marriage trumped out? but that is a stale device. And, pray, Sir, what place does this lady inhabit? Come, come, go on; you have a fertile invention, and this is a fine opportunity. Well, Sir, and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, *in nubibus*—

Y. Wild. No, Sir; in London.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Nay, more, and at this instant in this house.

O. Wild. And her name—

Y. Wild. Godfrey.

O. Wild. The friend of Miss Grantam?

Y. Wild. The very same, Sir.

O. Wild. Have you spoke to her?

Y. Wild. Parted from her not ten minutes ago; nay, am here by her appointment.

O. Wild. Has she favoured your address?

Y. Wild. Time, Sir, and your approbation, will, I hope.

O. Wild. Look ye, Sir, as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth farther inquiry. To be plain with you, I know Miss Godfrey; am intimate with her family; and though you deserve but little from me, I will endeavour to aid your intention. But if, in the progress of this affair, you practise any of your usual arts; if I discover the least falsehood, the least duplicity, remember you have lost a father.

Y. Wild. I shall submit without a murmur.

[*Exit Old Wild.*

Enter PAPILLION.

'*Y. Wild.* Well, Papillion.

'*Pap.* Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

'*Y. Wild.* What's the matter?

'*Pap.* A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, 'musicians, waiters, and watermen.

'*Y. Wild.* What do they want?

'*Pap.* You, Sir.

'*Y. Wild.* Me!

'*Pap.* Yes, Sir; they have brought in their bills.

'*Y. Wild.* Bills! for what?

'*Pap.* For the entertainment you gave last night 'upon the water.

'*Y. Wild.* That I gave?

'*Pap.* Yes, Sir; you remember the bill of fare: 'I am sure the very mention of it makes my mouth 'water.

'*Y. Wild.* Prithee, are you mad? There must be 'some mistake; you know that I—

'*Pap.* They have been vastly puzzled to find 'out your lodgings; but Mr. Robinson meeting by 'accident with Sir James Elliot, he was kind enough 'to tell him where you liv'd. Here are the bills: 'Almack's, twelve dozen of Claret, ditto Champagne, Frontiniac, Sweetmeats, Pine-apples: the 'whole amount is *l.* 372, 9*s.* besides music and fire-'works.

'*Y. Wild.* Come, Sir, this is no time for trifling.

'*Pap.* Nay, Sir, they say they have gone full as 'low as they can afford; and they were in hopes, 'from the great satisfaction you express'd to Sir 'James Elliot, that you would throw them in an 'additional compliment.

'*Y. Wild.* Hark ye, Mr. Papillion, if you don't 'cease your impertinence, I shall pay you a compli-'ment that you would gladly excuse.

'*Pap.* Upon my faith, I relate but the mere 'matter of fact. You know, Sir, I am but bad at 'invention; though this incident, I can't help think-'ing, is the natural fruit of your happy one.

'*Y. Wild.* But are you serious? is this possible?

'*Pap.* Most certain. It was with difficulty I re-'strain'd their impatience; but, however, I have dis-'patch'd them to your lodgings, with a promise that 'you shall immediately meet them.

'*Y. Wild.* Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands 'of the troop.'—Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abington business.

Pap. The deuce?

Y. Wild. We parted this moment. Such a scene!

Pap. And what was the issue?

Y. Wild. Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

Pap. With Miss Godfrey?

Y. Wild. Who else?—He is now with her in another room.

Pap. And there is no—you understand me—in all this?

Y. Wild. No, no; that is all over now—my reformation is fix'd.

Pap. As a weather-cock.

Y. Wild. Here comes my father.

Enter OLD WILDING.

O. Wild. Well, Sir, I find in this last article you have condescended to tell me the truth: the young lady is not averse to your union; but in order to fix so mutable a mind, I have drawn up a slight contract, which you are both to sign.

Y. Wild. With transport.

O. Wild. I will introduce Miss Godfrey. [*Exit.*

Y. Wild. Did not I tell you, Papillion?

Pap. This is amazing, indeed!

Y. Wild. Am not I a happy fortunate?——But they come.

Enter OLD WILDING *and* MISS GODFREY.

O. Wild. If, Madam, he has not the highest sense of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to re-

gard him.——There, Sir, make your own acknowledgements to that lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your future behaviour testify your gratitude.

Y. Wild. Papillion! Madam! Sir!

O. Wild. What, is the puppy petrified! Why don't you go up to the lady?

Y. Wild. Up to the lady!—That lady?

O. Wild. That lady!—To be sure. What other lady?—To Miss Godfrey?

Y. Wild. That lady Miss Godfrey?

O. Wild. What is all this?—Hark ye, Sir; I see what you are at: but no trifling; I'll be no more the dupe of your double detestable—Recollect my last resolution: This instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the consequence.

Y. Wild. Sir, that, I hope, is—might not I—to be sure—

O. Wild. No further evasions! There, Sir.

Y. Wild. Heigh ho! [*Signs it.*]

O. Wild. Very well. Now, Madam, your name if you please.

Y. Wild. Papillion, do you know who she is?

Pap. That's a question indeed! Don't you, Sir?

Y. Wild. Not I, as I hope to be sav'd.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. A young lady begs to speak with Mr. Wilding.

Y. Wild. With me?

M. God. A young lady with Mr. Wilding!

Ser. Seems distress'd, Madam, and extremely pressing for admittance.

M. God. Indeed! There may be something in this! You must permit me, Sir, to pause a little: who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

O. Wild. How, Sir, who is this lady?

Y. Wild. It is impossible for me to divine, Sir.

O. Wild. You know nothing of her?

Y. Wild. How should I?

O. Wild. You hear, Madam.

M. God. I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Y. Wild. Not in the least, Madam.

M. God. Show her in, John. [*Exit Ser.*

O. Wild. No, Madam, I don't think there is the least room for suspecting him: he can't be so abandon'd as to—But she is here. Upon my word, a sightly woman.

Enter KITTY *as* MISS SYBTHORP.

Kit. Where is he?—Oh, let me throw my arms—my life, my—

Y. Wild. Heyday!

Kit. And could you leave me? and for so long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagg'd along.

Y. Wild. Madam!

Kit. But we are met at last, and now will part no more.

Y. Wild. The deuce we won't!

Kit. What, not one kind look; no tender word to hail our second meeting!

Y. Wild. What the devil is all this?

Kit. Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this? Have I deserv'd such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wander'd here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love.

O. Wild. To what can all this tend? Hark ye, Sir, unriddle this mystery.

Y. Wild. Davus, non Edipus sum. It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escap'd from her keeper, I suppose.

Kit. Am I disown'd then, contemn'd, slighted?

O. Wild. Hold; let me inquire into this matter a little. Pray, Madam——You seem to be pretty familiar here.—Do you know this gentleman?

Kit. Too well.

O. Wild. His name?

Kit. Wilding.

O. Wild. So far she is right. Now yours, if you please.

Kit. Wilding.

Omnes. Wilding!

O. Wild. And how came you by that name, pray?

Kit. Most lawfully, Sir: by the sacred band, the holy tie that made us one.

O. Wild. What, marry'd to him?

Kit. Most true.

Omnes. How!

Y. Wild. Sir, may I never—

O. Wild. Peace, monster!——One question more: Your maiden name?

Kit. Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Lydia, from Abington, in the county of Berks?

Kit. The same.

O. Wild. As I suspected. So then the whole story is true, and the monster is marry'd at last.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir! By all that's——

O. Wild. Eternal dumbness seize thee, measureless liar?

Y. Wild. If not me, hear this gentleman——Marquis—

Pap. Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes: it is a pit of your own digging; and so get out as well as you can. Mean time I'll shift for myself. [*Exit.*

O. Wild. What evasion now, monster?

M. God. Deceiver!

O. Wild. Liar!

M. God. Impostor!

Y. Wild. Why, this is a general combination to distract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly impos'd upon: the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover; and as to you, Madam, with whom I have been suddenly surpris'd into a contract, I most solemnly declare this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

O. Wild. Amazing confidence! Did not I bring her at your own request?

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Is not this your own letter?

Y. Wild. No.

Kit. Am not I your wife?

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Did not you own it to me?

Y. Wild. Yes—that is—no, no.

Kit. Hear me.

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Answer me.

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Have not I—

Y. Wild. No, no, no. Zounds! you are all mad; and if I stay, I shall catch the infection. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT *and Miss* GRANTAM.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

M. Gr. Finely perform'd.

O. Wild. You have kept your promise, and I thank you, Madam.

M. Gr. My medicine was somewhat rough, Sir; but in desperate cases, you know—

O. Wild. If his cure is completed, he will gratefully acknowledge the cause; if not, the punishment comes far short of his crimes. It is needless to pay you any compliments, Sir James; with that lady you can't fail to be happy. I shan't venture to hint a scheme I have greatly at heart, till we have undeniable proofs of the success of our operations. To the ladies, indeed, no character is so dangerous as that of a liar:

They in the fairest fames can fix a flaw,
And vanquish females whom they never saw.

THE MOCK DOCTOR;

OR,

THE DUMB LADY CURED.

A BALLAD FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS,

WRITTEN BY MR. HENRY FIELDING.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN AND HAY-MARKET.

The Lines distinguished by nverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

MR. HENRY FIELDING.

ALLIED to nobility, and gifted with all that brilliancy of manners, and extent of knowledge, which a liberal education, assisted by a native genius, and an elegant and discriminating mind, could possibly bestow; Mr. Fielding set out in the road of life, surrounded by its sunshine, and alive to all its allurements.

But ere he had attained its second stage, the cloud of disappointment gathered; engloomed his path; cast a depth of shade over the distant prospect; and threatened those evils which afterwards attended his chequered and eventful journey.

Our author was born at Shapham Park, in Somersetshire, on the 22d of April 1707. His father Edmund Fielding, Esq. a younger son of the Earl of Denbigh, was in the army, and early on the accession of his royal master George II. to the throne of England, he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant General. His mother was daughter to Judge Gould, whose integrity and abilities reflected honour on his dignified station. This lady at her death, which happened before the subject of these pages, had

seen his twentieth year, left the General another so and four daughters.

This serious charge did not prevent the Genera from marrying again. In consequence of this secon union, our young gentleman had six half-brother the last of which, who paid the universal debt en tailed on all living, was the well-known Sir Joh Fielding.

Before our author went to Eton School, the Rev Mr. Oliver was chosen by his father to direct his infan studies. This gentleman had the misfortune to pos sess a considerable share of self-importance, with out the requisites proper to procure the respect of pupil, whose lively genius disdained the controul a man so ill suited to the office he had undertaken t fulfil. Of the respect in which young Fielding hel his teacher, the reader may draw some small judg ment by turning to that admirable novel JOSEP ANDREWS, where, in Parson Trulliber, he ma view his picture.

Removed to Eton, and free from those re straints, which he bore with impatience from a ma for whom he entertained the most sovereign con tempt, Mr. Fielding in a very short space of tim ranked among the ornaments of that celebrated se minary, respected by his masters, and beloved b his fellow scholars of kindred genius.

At the age of eighteen he left Eton; but not be fore he had gained a thorough knowledge in th Greek authors, nor was he less complete in the La tin classicks. From Eton he repaired to Leyden

where, under the most celebrated civilians, he passed two years in finishing his studies. Here he formed many elegant connections, and here he would willingly have remained for some time longer; but remittances from home not proving sufficient to enable him to stay with his friends, and support appearances, with no small regret he shaped his course homeward; and on his return to London his father gave him to understand, that a second wife, and an increased family, prevented him from giving the support he had done.

This intelligence could not but materially affect a young man, who had been taught to expect a better fortune, than seemed at present to await him. Full of health, and possessed of a heart, feelingly alive to the call of pleasure; caressed by those, who indulged in all the brilliancies of life, and with whom he took the rounds of extravagance and dissipation; notwithstanding the scantiness of his means, the unfortunate youth experienced but too soon, that fate, which is sure to visit those, who, setting prudence at defiance, rush into the toils of folly, and give way to the impetuosity of passion.

And now, the subject of these pages, could only look back with regret on the happy years that were passed, with the mortifying certainty that they had taken with them, those blessings which were to return no more! Distress was already at the door, and he saw no way left to dismiss the unpleasant visitant, but by employing those talents with which nature had so amply endowed him, and which a fi-

nished education had improved to a degree of p
fection every way favourable to a design in whi
he so well succeeded.

During Mr. Fielding's stay at Eton school, he h
contracted an intimacy with some young gentlem
who were soon to become the distinguished orn
ments of their country. These characters were M
Pitt, Mr. Fox, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Lo
Lyttelton, and others, whose mental endowmen
rendered them justly admired when living, a
will, so long as genius is held in due estimatio
embalm their memory; for great and good m
exist not in vain; they dispense blessings arou
them in their day; and when that day is past, th
good works become their monument.

With such friends to support him, Mr. Fieldi
commenced writer for the stage, and before the e
piration of his twentieth year, he had the good fo
tune to witness the successful representation of
dramatic piece called *Love in several Masks*. Th
was the more flattering to his vanity, (and where
the anthor without his share), as his comedy w
brought forward after a long and crouded run o
The Provoked Husband. Equal indulgence w
shown to a second comedy, named *The Temple Bea*
which he produced in the following season; and th
profits resulting from these pieces enabled him t
make a respectable appearance, among the animate
and brilliant parties of his numerous acquaintance.

Mr. Fielding, emboldened by the favour of for
tune on his theatrical labours, again employed hi

gen in the same way;—but, successful as he proved, on the whole, he nevertheless experienced the frowns as well as the smiles of the public, occasionally. Indeed we have his own authority, in more instances than one, of disappointments this way. He remarks, that his *Wedding day* was acted six nights, and that his profits did not exceed fifty pounds. The damnation of one of his farces, is likewise noted on its title page. Many of his early productions also were but indifferently received; and these failures must have proved a serious drawback on the score of his expectancies; which he was sure to live up to; and this artificial reckoning involved him in fresh difficulties.

Every public writer has enemies, and poor Fielding was not without his portion. Malice and calumny generally go together; and the man, who ventures to lash vice and folly, is sure to be way laid by their adherents; industrious to affect the injury of his fame, his character, or his fortune; and who in instances, too numerous, have proved but too successful, in effecting their diabolical purposes.

Fielding had many foes among his brothers of the quill, who seized every opportunity that presented itself to injure him in the estimation of the town, on whose good opinion hung his sole dependance. But this malignant spirit was materially check'd by the dread of his noble friends, whose patronage, acted as a shield against the darts of falshood and malevolence.

Our author had been engaged in productions for the stage for about five years, when he conceived a passion for a Miss Craddock of Salisbury. This lady was very young, very beautiful, and possessed of a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds. Affection proved mutual and a speedy marriage took place. This happy event was succeeded by the death of his mother, by which he became the owner of an estate at Stower in Dorsetshire, productive of somewhat more than two hundred pounds per annum. On this sudden change of situation and fortune he determined on bidding adieu to London; to pursue a life of domestic comfort, œconomy, and retirement in the country, removed from the haunts of riot and extravagance which had proved his bane in the metropolis.

Full of these prudent resolves, he seated himself in his country Mansion; but in the course of a few weeks his passion for extravagance returned with redoubled force; every thing was yielded up for parade; and a constant round of company, entertained in the most expensive manner, in the course of three years, again reduced him to his former state of dependance.

But alas! between that *former state of dependance*, and the present, there was a melancholy difference; then, he was in the possession of a constitution less shaken by intemperance; and embryo consolations medicined, with their balmy powers the distress of the moment.—Now every hope had been filled up, even

eyond the measure of his fondest expectations. For-
ne had showered upon him gifts unlooked for;
ad enabled him, had he been blessed with prudence,
o keep the path where he could have been free
om ostentatious obligation, on the one hand, and
oul searching mortification on the other: but, like
n improvident spendthrift, he had lavished away in
he fever of indiscretion, the gifts she had bestowed
ith so liberal a hand; and now, with a prospect be-
ore him which bore but a mournful aspect, he had
o lament in vain, the sad effects of his false pride,
n aiming at the character of a richer man than he
as; to favour the deception, living much beyond his
ncome, by which he found himself, once more en-
ironed with difficulties, more formidable than those
e had so lately overcome.

Mr. Fielding now betook himself to the practice of the law: and had not the intemperance of youth brought on early infirmities, he would have risen to eminence, and redeeemed his ruined fortunes. But indisposition had not impaired his mental powers; his pen, employed in the pressure of the moment afforded the means of support; and he had yet to give to the world the inimitable Novels of *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*; which, had he written nothing else, would have insured to him a place in the first rank of British writers. And here it is to be lamented, that his necessities compelled him to accept of a situation, at that time, not held in the highest estimation, *that of Acting Magistrate in the Commission of the Peace for the County of Middlesex*; which he held

till nearly the close of a life, which might, with mind so richly endowed, have been employed in way more congenial to its feelings and more benef cial to a world he had studied so well. For wh can read the Novels just mentioned, without regre ting, that, in all human probability, if ill healt and impaired features, had not prevented, Mr Fielding would have left to that world, a larger por tion, from the store-house of a genius so truly ori ginal in this line; and in which, how many, other wise respectable writers, have attempted imitation in vain.

With a frame, weakened by former excesses, an present anxiety, our Authors remaining strengt proved inadequate to the business of his office, in which, in justice to his memory, be it set down, his integrity remained unsullied.

Still fond of life, although nearly weighed down by its ills, and within two years of its close, Mr. Field- ing listened to the advice of his medical friends, who recommended a voyage to Lisbon, as the only means of restoring his shattered constitution. But, alas! the business of self destruction was completed. Thither, indeed, he repaired, but, as if conscious, that the latest sands were nearly dropped into the lower glass of his ill fated life, he sat down to his last production, his VOYAGE TO LISBON.

In a few weeks after his arrival at that city, this unfortunate, and equally imprudent man, expired, af- ter having experienced the vicissitudes of an exist- ence which indiscretion had strongly marked, but which no crime had ever tainted.

Mr. Fielding has written a variety of dramatic pieces; several of which we shall have the satisfaction of presenting, in their due course, to the patrons of this highly favoured undertaking.

Jan. 1794. T. B.

THE MOCK DOCTOR.

AT Drury-lane Theatre, in the season of 1733, this diverting translation from the Medecin Malgre lui of Moliere was performed for the first time, and experienced a reception equal to its merits. The songs only are original.

The representation which we have lately witnessed at the Theatre-royal in the Hay-market, of this laughable farce, is highly creditable to the performers engaged in it. The younger Bannister and Mrs. Bland display their comic powers to great advantage. The latter is particularly happy in the fabricated account she gives of the astonishing cures performed by the Mock Doctor, in order to procure him a drubbing from the parties to whom she relates it. The old remark, "A woman's never at a loss for invention," is admirably, as pleasantly exemplified in her character, which sits so well on this charming little actress.

The Davy of that chaste comedian, Wewitzer, should not pass unnoticed. Indeed it is our wish to see this gentleman in parts of greater consequence, and more appropriate to his genius, than those he has of late been engaged in.

Burton's Helebore is truly whimsical; and upon the whole, this humourous After-piece is as well played at the Hay-market as we ever remember to have seen it elsewhere.

Young Waldron, in the beating scene; seems of too slight a make to attempt correcting the sturdy woodman, who appears well able to protect himself against his blows, and those of his companion, at one and the same time.

Dramatis Personae.

HAY-MARKET.

	Men.
Gregory, -	- Mr. J. Bannister
Sir Jasper, -	- Mr. Waldron
Leander, -	- Mr. Caulfield
Harry, -	- Mr. Waldron, jun.
James, -	- Mr. Bland
Davy, -	- Mr. Wewitzer
Doctor Helebore,	- Mr. Burton.
	Women.
Charlotte, -	- Miss De Camp
Dorcas,	- Mrs. Bland.

COVENT-GARDEN.

	Men.
Gregory, -	- Mr. Munden
Sir Jasper, -	- Mr. Powell
Leander, -	- Mr. Macready
Harry, -	- Mr. Thompson
James, -	- Mr. Evatt.
Davy, -	- Mr. Wewitzer
Doctor Helebore,	- Mr. Cubitt.
	Women.
Charlotte, -	- Miss Stuart
Dorcas, -	- Mrs. Webb.

THE MOCK DOCTOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

DORCAS, GREGORY.

Gregory.

I TELL you No, I won't comply; and it is my business to talk, and to command.

Dor. And I tell you, You shall conform to my will; and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill-humours.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life, than when he told us, *That a wife was worse than a devil.*

Dor. Hear the learned gentleman with his Aristotle.

Greg. And a learned man I am too: find me out a maker of fagots that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

Dor. An education!

Greg. Ay, hussy, a regular education: first at the charity-school, where I learnt to read; then waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a travelling physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a *Merry Andrew*, where I learnt physic.

Dor. O that thou had'st follow'd him still! Curs'd be the hour wherein I answer'd the parson, *I will.*

Greg. And curs'd be the parson that ask'd the the question!

Dor. You have reason to complain of him indeed —who ought to be on your knees every moment, returning thanks to Heaven for that great blessing I sent you, when it sent you myself.——I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserv'd such a wife as me?

Greg. No, really, I don't think I do.

DORCAS *sings.*

When a lady, like me, condescends to agree
To let such a jackanapes taste her,
With what zeal and care shou'd he worship the fair
Who gives him what's meat for his master?
His actions should still
Attend on her will:—
Hear, sirrah, and take it for warning;
To her he should be
Each night on his knee,
And so he should be on each morning.

Greg. Meat for my master! you were meat for your master, if I an't mistaken; 'for, to one of 'our shames be it spoken, you rose as good a virgin 'from me as you went to bed.' Come, come, Madam, it was a lucky day for you when you found me out.

Dor. Lucky indeed! a fellow who eats every thing I have.

Greg. That happens to be a mistake, for I drink some part on't.

Dor. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll rise the earlier.

Dor. And who from morning till night is eternally in an alehouse.

Greg. It's genteel; the squire does the same.

Dor. Pray, Sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

Greg. What ever you please.

Dor. My four little children that are continually crying for bread?

Greg. Give 'em a rod! best cure in the world for crying children.

Dor. And do you imagine, sot——

Greg. Hark ye, my dear, you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

Dor. I laugh at your threats, poor beggarly insolent fellow.

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dor. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally——.

Greg. Oh ho, ho! you will have it then, I find.

[*Beats her*

Dor. O murder, murder!

Enter Squire ROBERT.

Rob. What's the matter here? Fy upon you, upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in the scandalous manner!

Dor. Well, Sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

Rob. O dear, Madam, I give my consent with all my heart and soul.

Dor. What's that to you, saucebox? Is it any business of yours?

Rob. No certainly, Madam.

Dor. Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife!

AIR. *Winchester Wedding.*

Go thrash your own rib, Sir, at home,
Nor thus interfere with our strife;
May cuckoldom still be his doom,
Who strives to part husband and wife.
Suppose I've a mind he should drub,
Whose bones are they, Sir, he's to lick?
At whose expence is it, you scrub?
You are not to find him a stick.

Rob. Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily

here, take and thrash your wife; beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, Sir, I won't beat her.

Rob. O Sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and not yours.

Rob. Certainly.

Dor. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Rob. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself! [*Exit Sq. Rob.*

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dor. What, after beating me so?

Greg. 'Twas but in jest.

Dor. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pshaw! you know you and I are one, and I beat one half of myself when I beat you.

Dor. Yes, but for the future I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon; I'm sorry for't.

Dor. For once I pardon you—but you shall pay for it. [*Aside.*

Greg. Psha! psha! child, these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship; four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples, only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred fagots before I come home again. [*Exit.*

Dor. If I am not reveng'd on those blows of yours!

'—Oh, that I could but think of some method t
'be reveng'd on him! Hang the rogue, he's quit
'insensible of cuckoldom.

'AIR. *Oh London is a fine town.*

'In ancient days, I've heard, with horns
'The wife her spouse could fright,
'Which now the hero bravely scorns,
'So common is the sight.
'To city, country, camp, or court,
'Or wheresoe'er he go,
'No horned brother dares make sport;
'They're cuckolds all a-row.'

Oh that I could find out some invention to get him well drubb'd!

Enter HARRY *and* JAMES.

Har. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor!

Ja. Blame your own cursed memory that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel thro' the world rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

Har. Was ever such a cursed misfortune, to lose the letter! I should not even know his name if I were to hear it.

Dor. Can I find no invention to be reveng'd!—Heyday! who are these?

Ja. Hark ye, mistress, do you know where—where—where doctor What-d'ye-call him lives?

Dor. Doctor who?

Ja. Doctor——doctor——what's his name?

Dor. Hey! what, has the fellow a mind to banter me!

Har. Is there no physician hereabouts famous for curing dumbness?

Dor. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr. Impertinence.

Har. Don't mistake us, good woman, we don't mean to banter you: we are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician who lives hereabouts; we have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

Dor. There is one Dr. Lazy lives just by, but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile to save the lives of a thousand patients.

Ja. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

Har. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dor. Ha, Heav'n has inspir'd me with one of the most admirable inventions to be reveng'd on my hangdog!—*(Aside)*—I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her; he's reckoned one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Har. Pray tell us where he lives?

Dor. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but if you watch hereabouts, you'll cer-

tainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself here with cutting wood.

Har. A physician cut wood!——

Ja. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean.

Dor. No; he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world: he goes drest like a common clown for there is nothing he so much dreads as to be known for a physician.

Ja. All your great men have some strange oddities about 'em.

Dor. Why, he will suffer himself to be beat before he will own himself to be a physician—and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both take a good cudgel and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

Ja. What a ridiculous whim is here!

Dor. Very true; and in so great a man.

Ja. And is he so very skilful a man?

Dor. Skilful!—why he does miracles. About half a year ago, a woman was given over by all her physicians, nay, she had been dead some time; when this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he pour'd out a little drop of something down her throat——he had no sooner done it, than she got out of her bed, and walk'd about the room as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. O prodigious!

Dor. 'Tis not above three weeks ago, that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its scull, its arms, and legs.

—Our physician was no sooner drubb'd into making him a visit, than, having rubb'd the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and run away to play.

Both. Oh most wonderful!

Har. Hey! Gad, James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

Ja. But can he cure dumbness?

Dor. Dumbness! Why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb; and the doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue, that he set it a-going so, that in less than a month's time she out-talk'd her husband.

Har. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dor. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

Ja. What! that he yonder?

Dor. The very same.——He has spy'd us, and taken up his bill.

Ja. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment. —Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

Dor. Be sure you make good use of your sticks.

Ja. He shan't want that. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the wood.*

Gregory discover'd sitting on the ground with faggots about him.

Greg. Pox on't, 'tis most confounded hot weather, Hey, who have we here?

Enter JAMES *and* HARRY.

Ja. Sir, your most obedient humble servant—

Greg. Sir, your servant.

Ja. We are mighty happy in finding you here—

Greg. Ay, like enough—

Ja. 'Tis in your power, Sir, to do us a very great favour—We come, Sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I am very ready to do it.

Ja. Sir, you are extremely obliging—But, dear Sir, let me beg you be cover'd, the sun will hurt your complexion.

Har. For Heav'n's sake, Sir, be cover'd.

Greg. These should be footmen by their dress, but courtiers by their ceremony. [*Aside.*

Ja. You must not think it strange, Sir, that we come thus to seek after you; men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it, that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a faggot.

Ja. O dear, Sir!

Greg. You may perhaps buy faggots cheaper otherwise; but if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

Ja. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper, if 'twas to my father.

Ja. Dear Sir, we know you very well——don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

Ja. O pray, Sir, leave this idle discourse.—Can a person like you amuse yourself in this manner?—Can a learned and famous physcian like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a fool.

Ja. Let me intreat you, Sir, not to dissemble with us.

Har. It is in vain, Sir! we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are?—what do you know of me?

Ja. Why, we know you, Sir, to be a very great physician.

Greg. Physician in your teeth: I a physician!

Ja. The fit is on him——Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us, to, you know what.

Greg. Devil take me if I know what, Sir.—But I know this, that I'm no physician.

Ja. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find.—And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

Ja. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

Ja. Well, if we must, we must. [*Beat him,*

Greg. Oh, oh! gentlemen! gentlemen! what are

you doing? I am—I am—whatever you please t
have me.

Ja. Why will you oblige us, Sir, to this violence

Har. Why will you force us to this troublesom
remedy.

Ja. I assure you, Sir, it gives me a great deal
pain.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, and so it does me. B
pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you ha
a mind to make a physician of me?

Ja. What! do you deny your being a physici
again?

Greg. And the devil take me if I am.

Har. You are no physician?

Greg. May I be pox'd if I am.—[*They beat him*
—Oh, oh!——Dear gentlemen; oh! for Heave
sake! I am a physician, and an apothecary too,
you'll have me; I had rather be any thing than
knock'd o' the head.

Ja. Dear Sir, I am rejoic'd to see you come
your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times
what you have forc'd us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceiv'd myself, and I am
physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlem
are you certain I'm a physician?

Ja. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

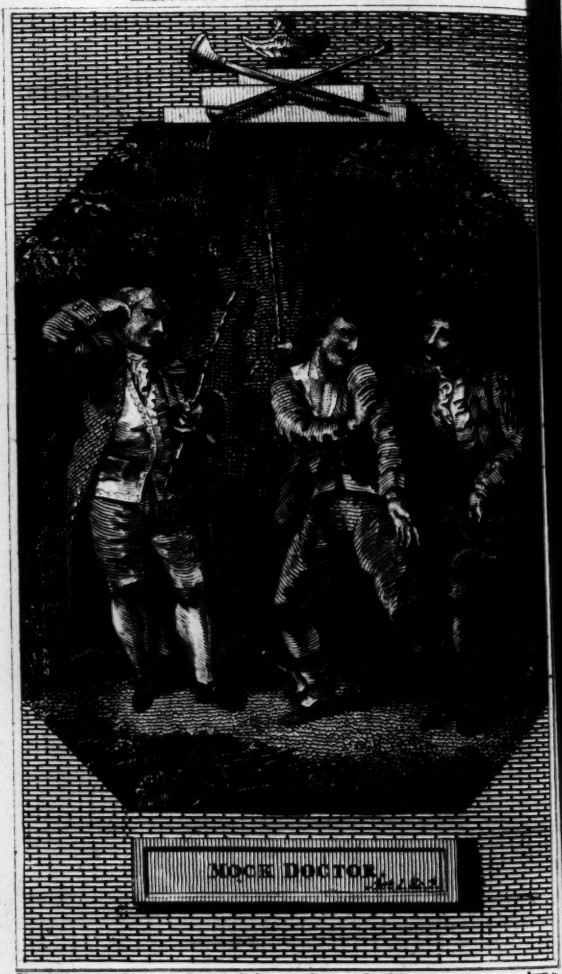
Greg. Indeed!

Har. A physician that has cur'd all sorts of d
tempers.

Greg. The devil I have!

Ja. That has made a woman walk about the ro
after she was dead six hours.

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.



Riley, del. Printed for J. Bettons, 21, Bermaster Row. Feb. 1794. Barnett, sc.

Har. That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

Ja. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Har. Look ye, Sir, you shall have content; my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

Ja. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a phsician without doubt—I had forgot it; but I begin to recollect myself.—Well, and what is the distemper I am to cure?

Ja. My young mistress, Sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. The devil take me if I have found it.—But, come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit; for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig, than without a fee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DORCAS.

'*Dor.* I don't remember my heart has gone so 'pit-a-pat with joy a long while.—Revenge is sure-'ly the most delicious morsel the devil ever dropt 'into the mouth of a woman. And this is a 'revenge which costs nothing; for, alack-a-day! 'to plant horns upon a husband's head, is more 'dangerous than is imagin'd. Odd! I had a nar-'row escape when I met with this fool! the best of 'my market was over, and I began to grow almost 'as cheap as a crack'd china cup.

AIR. *Pinks and Lilies.*

'A woman's ware, like china,
'Now cheap, now dear is bought;
'When whole, though worth a guinea,
'When broke's not worth a groat.
'A woman at St. James's,
'With hundreds you obtain;
'But stay till lost her fame is,
'She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane.'

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sir Jasper's House.*

Enter Sir JASPER *and* JAMES.

Sir Jasper.

WHERE is he? Where is he?

Ja. Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, Sir; for were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again.—He makes no more of bringing a patient to life, than other physicians do of killing him.

Sir Jas. 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mention'd.

Ja. 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself——Here he is.

Enter GREGORY.

Ja. Sir, this is the doctor.

Sir Jas. Dear Sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.

Greg. Hippocrates says we should both be cover'd.

Sir Jas. Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?

Greg. In his chapter of Hats.

Sir Jas. Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obe
him.

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly travell
in the highway of letters——

Sir Jas. Doctor! Pray whom do you speak to?

Greg. To you, Doctor.

Sir Jas. Ha, ha!——I am a knight, thank th
King's grace for it, but no doctor.

Greg. What, you're no doctor?

Sir Jas. No, upon my word.

Greg. You're no doctor?

Sir Jas. Doctor! no.

Greg. There—'tis done. [*Beats him*

Sir Jas. Done, in the devil's name! What's done

Greg. Why, now you are made a doctor of phy
sic—I am sure 'tis all the degrees I ever took.

Sir Jas. What devil of a fellow have you brough
here?

Ja. I told you, Sir, the doctor had strange whim
with him.

Sir Jas. Whims, quotha!——Egad, I shall bin
his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if h
has any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I hav
taken.

Sir Jas. Oh! 'tis very well, 'tis very well fo
once.

Greg. I am sorry for those blows.

Sir Jas. Nothing at all, nothing at all, Sir.

Greg. Which I was obliged to have the honour o
laying on so thick upon you.

Sir Jas. Let's talk no more of 'em, Sir——My daughter, Doctor, is fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoy'd to hear it; and I wish with all my heart you and your whole family had the same occasion for me as your daughter, to show the great desire I have to serve you.

Sir Jas. Sir, I am oblig'd to you.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

Sir Jas. I do believe you, Sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your daughter's name?

Sir Jas. My daughter's name is Charlotte.

Greg. Are you sure she was christen'd Charlotte?

Sir Jas. No, Sir, she was christen'd Charlotta?

Greg. Hum! I had rather she should have been christen'd Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient as the physician is.

Sir Jas. Sir, my daughter's here.

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* MAID.

Greg. Is that my patient? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance—and I fancy a healthy young fellow would sit very well upon her.

Sir Jas. You make her smile, doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good sign when we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say.—

Well, child, what's the matter with you? What's your distemper?

Cha. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Cha. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what?——

Cha. Han, hi, hon——

Greg. Han! hon! honin! ha?——I don't understand a word she says. Han! hi! hon! What the devil of a language is this?

Sir Jas. Why, that's her distemper, Sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, Sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage! Why so?

Sir Jas. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cur'd.

Greg. O lud! Was ever such a fool, that wou'd not have his wife dumb?——Wou'd to heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her—Does this distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

Sir Jas. Yes, Sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

Sir Jas. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—Ha—a very dumb pulse indeed.

Sir Jas. You have guess'd her distemper.

Greg. Ay, Sir, we great physicians know a dis-

temper immediately: I know some of the college would call this the *boree*, or the *coupee*, or the *sinkee*, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, Sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb—— So I'd have you be very easy, for there is nothing else the matter with her——If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Sir Jas. But I should be glad to know, Doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for.——Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Sir Jas. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir Jas. But if you please, dear Sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has upon that subject said very fine things; very fine things.

Sir Jas. I believe it, Doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man, he was indeed a very great man——A man, who upon that subject was a man that——But to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours which our great physicians call——Humours——Humours——Ah! you undersand Latin——

Sir Jas. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin?

Sir Jas. No indeed, Doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, singula-

riter nom. Hæc musa? hic, hæc, hoc, genitiv hujus, hunc, hanc musæ. Bonus, bona, bonum Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia substantivo adjectivum concordat in generi numerum & casu sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, & similibu

Sir Jas. Ah! why did I neglect my studies?

Har. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Besides, Sir, certain spirits passing from th left-side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs which we call in Latin, *whiskerus*, having communi cation with the brain, which we name in Greek *jacbootos*, by means of a hollow vein, which we ca in Hebrew, *perriwiggus*, meet in the road with th said spirits, which fill the ventricles of the omota plasmus; and because the said humours have—yo comprehend me well, Sir? and because the said hu mours have a certain malignity——listen seriously I beg you.

Sir Jas. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused— be attentive, if you please.

Sir Jas. I am.

Greg. That is caused, I say, by the acrimony o the humours engender'd in the concavity of the dia phragm; thence it arrives, that these vapours, Pro pria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, ut sun divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.—This Sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Ja. O that I had but his tongue!

Sir Jas. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt

But, dear Sir, there is one thing—I always thought 'till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, Sir, so they were formerly, but we have chang'd all that.—The college at present, Sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Sir Jas. I ask your pardon, Sir.

Greg. Oh, Sir! there's no harm——your're not oblig'd to know so much as we do.

Sir Jas. Very true; but, Doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warm'd with a brass warming-pan: Cause her drink one quart of spring-water, mix'd with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refin'd sugar.

Sir Jas. Why, this is punch, Doctor.

Greg. Punch, Sir! ay, Sir;——and what's better than punch to make people talk?——Never tell me of your julaps, your gruels, your—your—this, and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time—I love to do a business all at once.

Sir Jas. Doctor, I ask pardon; you shall be obeyed. [*Gives money.*

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her. But hold, there's another young lady here that I must apply some little remedies to.

Maid. Who, me? I was never better in my life, I thank you, Sir.

Greg. So much the worse, Madam, so much th worse——'Tis very dangerous to be very well;—— for when one is very well, one has nothing else t do but to take physic and bleed away.

Sir Jas. Oh strange! What, bleed when one ha no distemper?

Greg. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis ver wholesome. Besides, Madam, it is not your cas at present, to be very well: at least, you canno possibly be well above three days longer; and it i always best to cure a distemper before you have it— or, as we say in Greek, Distemprum bestum es curare ante habestum.—What I shall prescribe you at present, is to take every six hours one of thes boluses.

Maid. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Doctor, these look ex actly like lumps of loaf-sugar.

Greg. Take one of these boluses, I say, every si hours, washing it down with six spoonfuls of the be Holland's geneva.

Sir Jas. Sure you are in jest, Doctor!——Thi wench does not show any symptom of a distemper.

Greg. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were no amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic; shall prepare something for you.

Sir Jas. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, Doctor! I hav escap'd both doctors and distempers hitherto, an I am resolv'd the distemper shall pay me the fir visit.

Greg. Say you so, Sir? Why then, if I can get n more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere

and so humbly beggo te domine domitii veniam ground iforas. [*Exit Gregory.*

Sir Jas. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

LEANDER *solus.*

Ah, Charlotte! thou hast no reason to apprehend my ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own.—Oh how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you!

AIR. *Set by Mr.* SEEDO.

'O cursed power of gold,
'For which all honour's sold,
'And honesty's no more!
'For thee, we often find
'The great in leagues combin'd
'To trick and rob the poor.
'By thee the fool and knave
'Transcend the wise and brave,
'So absolute thy reign:
'Without some help of thine,
'The greatest beauties shine,
'And lovers plead, in vain.'

To him, GREGORY.

Greg. Upon my word, this is a good beginning, and since———

Lean. I have waited for you, Doctor, a long time I'm come to beg your assistance.

Greg. Ay, you have need of assistance indeed What a pulse is here! What do you out o' your bed [*Feels his puls*

Lean. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor, you're mistaken; I am not sick, I assure you.

Greg. How, Sir! not sick! Do you think I don know when a man is sick, better than he does himself.

Lean. Well, if I have any distemper, it is the lov of that young lady your patient, from whom you jus now came, and to whom if you can convey me, swear, dear Doctor, I shall be effectually cur'd.

Greg. Do you take me for a pimp, Sir! a physicia for a pimp?

Lean. Dear Sir, make no noise.

Greg. Sir, I will make a noise; you're an impertinent fellow.

Lean. Softly, good Sir!

Greg. I shall show you, Sir, that I'm not such sort of a person, and that you are an insolent, sauc ——*(Leander gives a purse.)*——I'm not speakin to you, Sir; but there are certain impertinent fellow in the world, that take people for what they are no ——which always puts me, Sir, into such a passion that——

Lean. I ask pardon, Sir, for the liberty I have taken.

Greg. O, dear Sir; no offence in the least.—Pray Sir, how am I to serve you?

Lean. This distemper, Sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feign'd. The phisicians have reason'd upon it, according to custom, and have derived it from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body: but the true cause of it is love; and is an invention of Charlotte's, to deliver her from a match she dislikes.

Greg. Hum!—Suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her father, therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Greg. Go then, disguise yourself immediately; I'll wait for you here—Ha! methinks I see a patient.

[*Exit Leander.*

Enter JAMES *and* DAVY.

Greg. Gad! matters so swimingly. I'll even continue a physician as long as I live.

Ja. (*Speaking to Davy.*) Fear not, if he relapse into his humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the physician again. Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

Dav. My poor wife, Doctor, has kept her bed these six months. (*Greg holds out his hand.*) If your worship would find out some means to cure her?—

Greg. What's the matter with her?

Dav. Why, she has had several physicians; one says 'tis the dropsy; another, 'tis the what-d'ye-call it, the tumpany; a third says, 'tis a slow fever; a fourth says, the rumatiz; a fifth——

Greg. What are the symptoms?

Dav. Symptoms, Sir!

Greg. Ay, ay, what does she complain of?

Dav. Why, she is always craving and craving f drink, eats nothing at all. Then her legs are swell up as big as a good handsome post; and as cold th be as a stone.

Greg. Come to the purpose; speak to the purpos my friend. [*Holding out his han*

Dav. The purpose is, Sir, that I am come to a what your worship pleases to have done with her.

Greg. Psha, psha, psha! I don't understand o word what you mean.

Ja. His wife is sick, Doctor, and he has brou you a guinea for your advice. Give it the Doct friend. [*Davy gives the guine*

Greg. Ay, now I understand you; here's a gentl man explains the case. You say your wife is sick the dropsy?

Dav. Yes, an't please your worship.

Greg. Well, I have made a shift to comprehe your meaning at last; you have the strangest way describing a distemper. You say your wife is alwa calling for drink: let her have as much as she d sires; she can't drink too much: and, d'ye hea give her this piece of cheese.

Dav. Cheese, Sir!

Greg. Ay, cheese, Sir. The cheese, of which th is a part, has cur'd more people of a dropsy th ever had it.

Dav. I give your worship a thousand thanks; I go make her take it immediately. [*Ex*

Greg. Go; and if she dies, be sure to bury h after the best manner you can.

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. I'm like to pay severely for my frolic, if I have lost my husband by it.

Greg. O physic and matrimony! my wife!

Dor. For though the rogue used me a little roughly, he was as good a workman as any in five miles of his head.

AIR, *Thomas I cannot.*

'A fig for the dainty civil spouse
'Who's bred at the court of France;
'He treats his wife with smiles and bows,
'And minds not the good main-chance,
'Be Gregory
'The man for me,
'Though given to many a maggot:
'For he would work
'Like any Turk;
'None like him e'er handled a fagot, a fagot,
'None like him e'er handled a fagot.'

Greg. What evil stars, in the devil's name, have sent her hither? if I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a physician to some purpose——Come hider, shild, leta me feela your pulse.

Dor. What have you to do with my pulse?

Greg. I am de French physicion, my dear, and I am to feela de pulse of de pation.

Dor. Yes, but I am no pation, Sir, nor want physician, good doctor Ragou.

Greg. Begar, you must be puta to-bed, and ta de peel; me sal give you de little peel dat sal cu you, as you have more distempre den evere we hered off.

Dor. What's the matter with the fool? If you f my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you must taka de peel.

Dor. Begar, I shall not taka de peel.

Greg. I'll take this opportunity to try her. [*Asi* Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, y sala cura me; you sall be my physicion, and I w give you de fee. [*Holds out a pur*

Dor. Ay, my stomach does not go against th pills; and what must I do for your fee?

Greg. O, begar! me vill show you, me vill teac you what you sal doe; you must come kissa me no you must come kissa me.

Dor. (*kisses him.*) As I live, my very hang do I've discover'd him in good time, or he had disc ver'd me—(*Aside.*) Well, Doctor, and are you cu now?

Greg. I shall make myself a cuckold presently —(*Aside.*)—Dis is not a proper place, dis is too pu lic; for sud any one pass by while I taka dis phis it vill preventa de opperation.

Dor. What physic, Doctor?

Greg. In your ear, dat. [*Whispe*

Dor. And in your ear dat, sirrah. (*Hitting hi box.*) Do you dare affront my virtue, you villai

ye think the world should bribe me to part with
y virtue, my dear virtue!——There, take your
rse again.

Greg. But where's the gold!

Dor. The gold I'll keep, as an eternal monument
f my virtue.

Greg. O what a happy dog am I, to find my wife
virtuous a woman when I least expected it! Oh,
y injur'd dear! behold your Gregory, your own
sband!

Dor. Ha!

Greg. O me, I'm so full of joy, I cannot tell thee
ore than that I am as much the happiest of men, as
ou art the most virtuous of women.

Dor. And art thou really my Gregory? And hast
ou any more of these purses?

Greg. No, my dear, I have no more about me;
t 'tis probable in a few days I may have a hun-
ed; for the strangest accident has happened to me!

Dor. Yes, my dear; but I can tell you whom you
e oblig'd to for that accident: had you not beaten
e this morning, I had never had you beaten into a
ysician.

Greg. Oh, oh! then 'tis to you I owe all that drub-
ng.

Dor. Yes, my dear, though I little dreamt of the
nsequence.

Greg. How infinitely I'm oblig'd to thee!——But
sh!

Enter HELLEBORE.

Hel. Are not you the great doctor just come to th town, so famous for curing dumbness?

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, Sir, I should be glad of your advic

Greg. Let me feel your pulse.

Hel. Not for myself, good Doctor; I am, mysel Sir, a brother of the faculty, what the world calls *mad doctor*. I have at present under my care a pa tient, whom I can by no means prevail with to speak

Greg. I shall make him speak, Sir.

Hel. It will add, Sir, to the great reputation yo have already acquir'd; and I am happy in findin you.

Greg. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. *(Takin him aside.)* You see that woman there; she is pos sessed with a most strange sort of madness, and ima gines every man she sees to be her husband. Now Sir, if you will but admit her into your house——

Hel. Most willingly, Sir.

Greg. The first thing, Sir, you are to do, is to l out thirty ounces of her blood: then, Sir, you are shave off all her hair; all her hair, Sir: after whic you are to make a very severe use of your rod twic a-day; and take a particular care that she have n the least allowance beyond bread and water.

Hel. Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of s great a man; nor can I help approving of your me thod, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

Greg. *(To his wife.)* My dear, that gentlema

will conduct you to my lodgings.—Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady.

Hel. You may depend on't, Sir, nothing in my power shall be wanting; you have only to inquire for Dr. Hellebore.

Dor. 'Twont be long before I see you, husband?

Hel. Husband! this is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with. [*Exit with Dorcas.*

Enter LEANDER.

Greg. I think I shall be reveng'd on you now, my dear.—So, Sir.

Lean. I think I make a pretty good apothecary now.

Greg. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I'm a physician; and if you please I'll convey you to the patient.

Lean. If I did but know a few physical hard words.

Greg. A few physical hard words! why, in a few hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, Sir? Come along, come along.——Hold; the doctor must always go before the apothecary. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Sir Jasper's House.*

Sir JASPER, CHARLOTTE, MAID.

Sir Jas. Has she made no attempt to speak yet!

Maid. Not in the least, Sir; so far from it, that as she us'd to make a sort of noise before, she is now quite silent.

Sir Jasp. (looking on his watch.) 'Tis almost the time the doctor promis'd to return—Oh, he is here. Doctor, your servant.

Enter GREGORY *and* LEANDER.

Greg. Well, Sir, how does my patient?

Sir Jas. Rather worse, Sir, since your prescription.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a sign that it operates.

Sir Jas. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

Greg. An apothecary, Sir. Mr. Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply that song I prescrib'd.

Sir Jas. A song, Doctor! prescribe a song?

Greg. Prescribe a song, Sir!—Yes, Sir, prescribe a song, Sir. Is there any thing so strange in that? Did you never hear of *pills to purge melancholy?* if you understand these things better than I, why did you send for me?—'Sbud, Sir, this song would make a stone speak.——But if you please, Sir, you and I will confer at some distance, during the application; for this song will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr. Apothecary, to pour it down her ears very closely.

AIR.

Lean. Thus lovely patient, Charlotte sees
Her dying patient kneel;
Soon cur'd will be your feign'd disease;
But what physician e'er can ease
The torments which I feel?

Think, charming nymph, while I complain,
Ah, think what I endure!
All other remedies are vain;
The lovely cause of all my pain
Can only cause my cure.

Greg. It is, Sir, a great and subtle question among the doctors, Whether women are more easy to be cur'd than men. I beg you would attend to this, Sir, if you please.——Some say, No; others say, Yes; and for my part, I say both Yes and No; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women, are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible.——One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends upon the black movement of the circle of the moon; and as the sun, that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds——

Char. No, I am not at all capable of changing my opinion.

Sir Jas. My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks! Oh, the great power of physic! Oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service!

Greg. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble. [*Traversing the stage in a great heat, the apothecary following.*

Char. Yes, Sir, I have recovered my speech; but have recover'd it to tell you, that I never will have any husband but Leander. [*Speaks with great eagerness, and drives Sir Jasper round the stage.*

Sir Jas. But——

Char. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution I have taken.

Sir Jas. What!

Cha. Your rhetoric is in vain; all your discourse signify nothing.

Sir Jas. I——

Char. I am determin'd; and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclinations.

Sir Jas. I have—

Cha. I never will submit to this tyranny; and if must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

Sir Jas. You shall have Mr. Dapper——

Cha. No; not in any manner; not in the least, no at all: you throw away your breath; you lose you time: you may confine me, beat me, bruise me, de stroy me, kill me; do what you will, use me as yo will, but I never will consent; nor all your threats nor all your blows, nor all your ill-usage, never sha force me to consent. So far from giving him m heart, I never will give him my hand: for he is m aversion; I hate the very sight of him; I had rathe see the devil, I had rather touch a toad: you ma make me miserable another way; but with him yo shan't, that I'm resolv'd.

Ggeg. There, Sir, there; I think we have brough her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

Sir Jas. Consistency, quotha! why, there is n stopping her tongue.——Dear doctor, I desire yo would make her dumb again.

Greg. That's impossible, Sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Sir Jas. And do you think———

Cha. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

Sir Jas. You shall marry Mr. Dapper this evening.

Cha. I'll be buried first.

Greg. Stay, Sir, stay; let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

Sir Jas. Is it possible, Sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind?

Greg. Sir, I can cure any thing. Hark ye, Mr. Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary. For my part, I know of but one; which is a dose of purgative running-away, mixt with two drams of pills matrimoniac, and three large handfuls of the *arbor vitæ:* perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary, I shall trust to you for the success. Go, make her walk in the garden! be sure lose no time: to the remedy, quick; to the remedy specific. [*Exeunt Leander and Charlotte.*

Sir Jas. What drugs, Sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

Greg. They are some, Sir, lately discover'd by the Royal Society.

Sir Jas. Did you ever see any thing equal to her insolence?

Greg. Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too headstrong.

Sir Jas. You cannot imagine, Sir, how foolishly fond she is of that Leander.

'*Greg.* The heat of blood, Sir, causes that in 'young minds.

'*Sir Jas.* For my part, the moment I discover'd 'the violence of her passion, I have always kept her 'lock'd up.

'*Greg.* You have done very wisely.

'*Sir Jas.* And I have prevented them from hav-'ing the least communication together: for who 'knows what might have been the consequence? 'Who knows but she might have taken it into her 'head to have run away with him?

'*Greg.* Very true.

'*Sir Jas.* Ay, Sir, let me alone for governing 'girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that 'head; I think I have shown the world that I un-'derstand a little of women, I think I have: and 'let me tell you, Sir, there is not a little art re-'quir'd. If this girl had had some fathers, they 'had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a 'lover, as I have done.

'*Greg.* No certainly, Sir.'

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pre-tended physician?

Sir Jas. Hayday! what, what, what's the matter now?

Dor. Oh, sirrah, sirrah!—Would you have destroyed your wife, you villian? Would you have been guilty of murder, dog!

Greg. Hoity toity!——What madwoman is this?

Sir Jas. Poor wretch!——For pity's sake cure her, Doctor.

Greg. Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a fee——If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

Dor. I'll see you, you villian——cure me!

'AIR, *set by Mr.* SEEDO.

'If you hope by your skill
'To give Dorcas a pill,
'You are not a deep politician:
'Cou'd wives but be brought
'To swallow the draught,
'Each husband would be a physician.'

Enter JAMES.

Ja. O Sir, undone, undone! Your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here disguis'd like an apothecary—and this is the rogue of a physician who has contriv'd all the affair.

Sir Jas. How! am I abus'd in this manner! Here, who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper; I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

Ja. Indeed, my good Doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hang'd for stealing an heiress.

Greg. Yes indeed, I believe I shall take my de grees now.

Dor. And are they going to hang you, my de husband?

Greg. You see, my dear wife.

Dor. Had you finish'd the fagots, it had been son consolation.

Greg. Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

Dor. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your deat —nor will I budge an inch till I've seen you hang'd

To them LEANDER *and* CHARLOTTE.

Lean. Behold, Sir, that Leander whom you ha forbid your house, restores your daughter to you power, even when he had her in his. I will receiv her, Sir, only at your hands.——I have receive letters, by which I have learnt the death of an uncl whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son in-law.

Sir Jas. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estate and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure the world.

Lean. Now my fortune makes me happy indee my dearest Charlotte.——And, Doctor, I'll ma thy fortune too.

Greg. If you would be so kind to make me a phy sician in earnest, I should desire no other fortune.

Lean. Faith, Doctor, I wish I could do that return for your having made me an apothecary; b I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

Dor. So, so; our physician, I find, has brou

about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, sirrah, that you have been a physician at all?

Sir Jas. May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not—or what the devil you are?

Greg. I think, Sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask whether I am a physician or no—And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness.

Dor. Why, thou puff'd up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

AIR. *We've cheated the Parson, &c.*

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,
You may send for a dozen great doctors in vain:
All give their opinion and pocket their fees;
Each writes her a cure, though all miss her disease;
Powders, drops,
Juleps, slops,
A cargo of poison from physical shops.
Though they physic to death the unhappy poor maid,
What's that to the doctor——since he must be paid?
Would you know how you may manage her right?
Our doctor has brought you a nostrum to-night,
Can never vary,
Nor miscarry,
If the lover be but the apothecary.
CHORUS.
Can never vary, &c.

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

Engraved by W. Ridley, from an Original by Colson.

SAM^L. FOOTE, Esqr.

Printed for J. Bowens, 21, Paternoster Row Feby 1794.

5

THE LYING VALET.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL DRURY LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, No 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

THE LYING VALET.

THE Theatre in Goodman's Fields was the place where The Lying Valet made his first bow to the public, so far back as the year 1740.

His attachment to the broken fortunes of his needy master, the laughable situations in which that attachment occasionally placed him, the pleasantries produced by his fertile invention, continually on the stretch to hide the real state of his employer's finances from the keen observation of his mistress's maid and confidante, render the inventive and faithful Sharp a peculiar favourite with the audience, whenever it becomes his turn to make his appearance.

Those who remember Shuter in the character will readily allow, that our little Quick succeeds him very happily. This excellent comic actor plays from his own conceptions—which are taken up at the school of Nature; and such is his excellence in the Lying Valet, that he has played it twice by Royal Command, consequently before a crouded Theatre, with that loud and general applause, which is ever sure to accompany the exertions of genuine and well tried merit in a British Theatre.

The Kitty Pry of Mrs. Mattocks is every way what it ought to be. We have at all times admired this well seasoned actress in pert ladies maids, and characters of a similar description, in which rests her chief excellence. Indeed we have lately been much disappointed in seeing others supply her place, in parts which formerly belonged to her, and which a proper management of the white and red would still enable her to continue in.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sharp,	Mr. Quick
Gayless,	Mr. Davies
Justice Guttle,	Mr. Powell
Dick,	Mr. Cubitt
Beau Trippet,	Mr. Evatt.

Women.

Melissa,	Mrs. Mountain
Mrs. Gad-about,	Mrs. Rock
Mrs. Trippet,	Miss Stuart
Kitty Pry,	Mrs. Mattocks.

THE LYING VALET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Gayless's lodgings.*

Enter GAYLESS *and* SHARP.

Sharp.

HOW, Sir, shall you be married to-morrow? Eh, I'm afraid you joke with your poor humble servant.

Gay. I tell thee, Sharp, last night Melissa consented, and fixed to-morrow for the happy day.

Sharp. 'Tis well she did, Sir, or it might have been a dreadful one for us in our present condition: all your money spent; your moveables sold; your honour almost ruined, and your humble servant almost starved; we could not possibly have stood it two days longer—But if this young lady will marry you, and relieve us, o'my conscience I'll turn friend to the sex, rail no more at matrimony, but curse the whores, and think of a wife myself.

Gay. And yet, Sharp, when I think how I have imposed upon her, I am almost resolved to throw

myself at her feet, tell her the real situation of m affairs, ask her pardon, and implore her pity.

Sharp. After marriage, with all my heart, Sir but don't let your conscience and honour so far g the better of your poverty and good sense, as to re ly on so great uncertainty as a fine lady's mercy an good-nature.

Gay. I know her generous temper, and am almos persuaded to rely upon it. What, because I am poo shall I abandon my honour?

Sharp. Yes, you must, Sir, or abandon me. So pray, discharge one of us; for eat I must, and speedi ly too: and you know very well, that that honou of your's will neither introduce you to a great man' table, nor get me credit for a single beef-steak.

Gay. What can I do?

Sharp. Nothing, while honour sticks in you throat. Do, gulp, master, and down with it.

Gay. Prithee leave me to my thoughts.

Sharp. Leave you! No, not in such bad company I'll assure you. Why, you must certainly be a ver great philosopher, Sir, to moralize and declaim s charmingly as you do, about honour and conscience when your doors are beset with baliffs, and not on single guinea in your pocket to bribe the villains.

Gay. Don't be witty, and give your advice, sirrah.

Sharp. Do you be wise, and take it, Sir. But, t be serious, you certainly have spent your fortune and out-liv'd your credit, as your pockets and m belly can testify. Your father has disown'd you; a your friends forsook you, except myself, who ar starving with you. Now, Sir, if you marry thi

young lady, who as yet, thank heaven, knows nothing of your misfortunes, and by that means procure a better fortune than that you squander'd away, make a good husband, and turn œconomist, you still may be happy, may still be Sir William's heir, and the lady too no loser by the bargain. There's reason and argument, Sir.

Gay. 'Twas with that prospect I first made love to her; and though my fortune has been ill spent, I have at least purchased discretion with it.

Sharp. Pray then convince me of that, Sir, and make no more objections to the marriage. You see I am reduced to my waistcoat already; and when necessity has undress'd me from top to toe, she must begin with you, and then we shall be forced to keep house and die by inches. Look you, Sir, if you won't resolve to take my advice, while you have one coat to your back, I must e'en take to my heels while I have strength to run, and something to cover me. So, Sir, wishing you much comfort and consolation with your bare conscience, I am your most obedient and half-starv'd friend and servant.

[*Going.*

Gay. Hold, Sharp, you won't leave me?

Sharp. I must eat, Sir; by my honour and appetite, I must.

Gay. Well, then, I am resolv'd to favour the cheat; and as I shall quite change my former course of life, happy may be the consequences: at least of this I am sure—

Sharp. That you can't be worse than you are at present.

Gay. (*A knocking without.*)—Who's there?

Sharp. Some of your former good friends, who favoured you with money at fifty per cent. and helped you to spend it, and are now become daily memento to you of the folly of trusting rogues, following whores, and laughing at my advice.

Gay. Cease your impertinence! to the door! they are duns, tell 'em my marriage is now certainly fix'd, and persuade 'em still to forbear a few days longer, and keep my circumstances a secret, for their sakes as well as my own.

Sharp. O never fear it, Sir: they still have so much friendship for you, not to desire your ruin to their own disadvantage.

Gay. And do you hear, Sharp, if it should be anybody from Melissa, say I am not at home; lest the bad appearance we make here should make 'em suspect something to our disadvantage.

Sharp. I'll obey you, Sir;—but I am afraid they will easily discover the consumptive situation of our affairs by my chop-fallen countenance [*Exit Sharp.*

Gay. These very rascals who are now continually dunning and persecuting me, were the very persons who led me to my ruin, partook of my prosperity, and profess'd the greatest friendship.

Sharp. (*without.*) Upon my word, Mrs. Kitty, my master's not at home.

Kitty. (*without.*) Lookee, Sharp, I must and will see him.

Gay. Ha! what do I hear? Melissa's maid! What has brought her here? My poverty has made

her my enemy too——She is certainly come with no good intent—No friendship there without fees—She's coming up stairs—What must I do?—I'll get into this closet and listen. [*Exit Gayless.*

Enter SHARP *and* KITTY.

Kitty. I must know where he is, and will know too, Mr. Impertinence.

Sharp. Not of me ye won't. (*Aside.*)—He's not within, I tell you, Mrs. Kitty; I don't know myself. Do you think I can conjure?

Kit. But I know you will lie abominably; therefore don't trifle with me. I come from my mistress Melissa: you know, I suppose, what's to be done to morrow morning?

Sharp. Ay, and to-morrow night too, girl.

Kit. Not if I can help it. (*Aside.*)—But come, where is your master? for see him I must.

Sharp. Pray, Mrs. Kitty, what's your opinion of this match between my master and your mistress?

Kit. Why, I have no opinion of it at all; and yet most of our wants will be reliev'd by it too: For instance now, your master will get a good fortune; that's what I'm afraid he wants: my mistress will get a husband; that's what she has wanted for some time; you will have the pleasure of my conversation, and I an opportunity of breaking your head for your impertinence.

Sharp. Madam, I'm your most humble servant. But I'll tell you what, Mrs. Kitty, I am positively

against the match: for was I a man of my master's fortune—

Kit. You'd marry if you could, and mend it—Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Sharp, where does your master's estate lie?

Gay. Oh, the devil, what a question was there! [*Aside.*

Sharp. Lie! lie! why it lies—faith, I can't name any particular place, it lies in so many. His effects are divided, some here, some there; his steward hardly knows himself.

Kit. Scatter'd, scatter'd, I suppose. But harkee, Sharp, what's become of your furniture? You seem to be a little bare here at present.

Gay. What, has she found out that too? [*Aside.*

Sharp. Why, you must know, as soon as the wedding was fix'd, my master order'd me to remove his goods into a friend's house, to make room for a ball which he designs to give here the day after the marriage.

Kit. The luckiest thing in the world! for my mistress designs to have a ball and entertainment here to-night before the marriage; and that's my business with your master.

Sharp. The devil it is! [*Aside.*

Kit. She'll not have it public; she designs to invite only eight or ten couple of friends.

Sharp. No more?

Kit. No more: And she order'd me to desire your master not to make a great entertainment.

Sharp. Oh, never fear—

Kit. Ten or a dozen little nice things, with some fruit, I believe, will be enough in all conscience.

Sharp. Oh, curse your conscience! [*Aside.*

Kit. And what do you think I have done of my own head?

Sharp. What?

Kit. I have invited all my Lord Stately's servants to come and see you, and have a dance in the kitchen: Won't your master be surpriz'd?

Sharp. Much so indeed!

Kit. Well, be quick and find out your master, and make what haste you can with your preparations: you have no time to lose.—Prithee, Sharp, what's the matter with you? I have not seen you for some time, and you seem to look a little thin.

Sharp. Oh my unfortunate face! (*Aside.*)—I'm in pure good health, thank you, Mrs. Kitty; and I'll assure you I have a very good stomach, never better in all my life; and I am as full of vigour, hussey—

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Kit. What, with that face! Well, bye, bye, (*going.*)—Oh, Sharp, what ill-looking fellows are those were standing about your door when I came in? they want your master too, I suppose.

Sharp. Hum!—Yes, they are waiting for him.—— They are some of his tenants out of the country, that want to pay him some money.

Kit. Tenants! What, do you let his tenants stand in the street?

Sharp. They choose it: as they seldom come to town, they are willing to see as much of it as they

can when they do; they are raw, ignorant, honest people.

Kit. Well, I must run home: farewell—But do you hear, get something substantial for us in the kitchen—a ham, a turkey, or what you will——We'll be very merry; and be sure to remove the tables and chairs away there too, that we may have room to dance: I can't bear to be confin'd in my French dances; tal, lal, lal, *(dancing.)*—Well, adieu! Without any compliment, I shall die if I don't see you soon. [*Exit Kitty.*

Sharp. And without any compliment, I pray heav'n you may.

Enter GAYLESS.

[*They look for some time sorrowful at each other.*]

Gay. Oh, Sharp!

Sharp. Oh, master!

Gay. We are certainly undone!

Sharp. That's no news to me!

Gay. Eight or ten couple of dancers—Ten or a dozen little nice dishes, with some fruit—my Lord Stately's servants—ham and turkey!

Sharp. Say no more; the very sound creates an appetite; and I am sure of late I have had no occasion for whetters and provocatives.

Gay. Curs'd misfortune! What can we do?

Sharp. Hang ourselves; I see no other remedy, except you have a receipt to give a ball and a supper without meat or music.

Gay. Melissa has certainly heard of my bad circumstances, and has invented this scheme to distress me and break off the match.

Sharp. I don't believe it, Sir; begging your pardon.

Gay. No? why did her maid then make so strict an inquiry into my fortune and affairs?

Sharp. For two very substantial reasons: the first, to satisfy a curiosity natural to her as a woman; the second, to have the pleasure of my conversation, very natural to her as a woman of taste and understanding.

Gay. Prithee be more serious: Is not our all at stake?

Sharp. Yes, Sir; and yet that all of ours is of so little consequence, that a man, with a very small share of philosophy, may part from it without much pain or uneasiness. However, Sir, I'll convince you in half an hour, that Mrs. Melissa knows nothing of your circumstances; and I'll tell you what too, Sir, she shan't be here to night, and yet you shall marry her to-morrow morning.

Gay. How, how, dear Sharp?

Sharp. 'Tis here, here, Sir! Warm, warm; and delays will cool it: therefore I'll away to her, and do you be as merry as love and poverty will permit you.

Would you succeed, a faithful friend depute,
Whose head can plan, and front can execute.

I am the man; and I hope you neither dispute my friendship nor qualifications.

Gay. Indeed I don't. Prithee be gone.

Sharp. I fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II—*Melissa's Lodgings.*

Enter MELISSA *and* KITTY.

Mel. You surprise me, Kitty! The master not at home—the man in confusion—no furniture in the house—and ill-looking fellows about the doors! 'Tis all a riddle.

Kit. But very easy to be explain'd

Mel. Prithee explain it then, nor keep me longer in suspence.

Kit. The affair is this, Madam: Mr. Gayless is over head and ears in debt; you are over head and ears in love; you'll marry him to-morrow; the next day your whole fortune goes to his creditors, and you and your children are to live comfortably upon the remainder.

Mel. I cannot think him base.

Kit. But I know they are all base.——You are very young, and very ignorant of the sex; I am young too, but have had more experience: You never was in love before; I have been in love with an hundred, and try'd 'em all; and know 'em to be a parcel of barbarous, perjured, deluding, bewitching devils.

Mel. The low wretches you have had to do with may answer the character you give 'em; but Mr. Gayless——

Kit. Is a man, Madam.

Mel. I hope so, Kitty, or I would have nothing to do with him.

Kit. With all my heart—I have given you my sentiments upon the occasion, and shall leave you to your own inclinations.

Mel. Oh, Madam, I am much obliged to you for your great condescension, ha, ha, ha! However, I have so great a regard for your opinion, that had I certain proofs of his villainy—

Kit. Of his poverty you may have a hundred: I am sure I have had none to the contrary.

Mel. Oh, there the shoe pinches. [*Aside.*

Kit. Nay, so far from giving me the usual perquisites of my place, he has not so much as kept me in temper, with little endearing civilities; and one might reasonably expect, when a man is deficient in one way, that he should make it up in another.

[*Knocking without.*

Mel. See who's at the door. (*Exit Kitty.*)—I must be cautious how I hearken too much to this girl: Her bad opinion of Mr. Gayless seems to arise from his disregard of her.—

Enter SHARP *and* KITTY.

—So, Sharp, have you found your master? Will things be ready for the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. To your wishes, Madam. I have just now bespoke the music and supper, and wait now for your Ladyship's farther commands.

Mel. My compliments to your master, and let him know, I and my company will be with him by six;

we design to drink tea and play at cards before we dance.

Kit. So shall I and my company, Mr. Sharp. [*Aside*

Sharp. Mighty well, Madam!

Mel. Prithee, Sharp, what makes you come without your coat? 'Tis too cool to go so airy, sure.

Kit. Mr. Sharp, Madam, is of a very hot constitution, ha, ha, ha!

Sharp. If it had been ever so cool, I have had enough to warm me since I came from home, I'm sure; but no matter for that. [*Sighing*

Mel. What d'ye mean?

Sharp. Pray don't ask me, Madam; I beseech you, don't: let us change the subject.

Kit. Insist upon knowing it, Madam——My curiosity must be satisfied, or I shall burst. [*Aside*

Mel. I do insist upon knowing——On pain of my displeasure, tell me—

Sharp. If my master should know—I must not tell you, Madam, indeed.

Mel. I promise you, upon my honour, he never shall.

Sharp. But can your ladyship insure secrecy from that quarter?

Kit. Yes, Mr. Jackanapes, for any thing you can say.

Mel. I engage for her.

Sharp. Why then, in short, Madam—I cannot tell you.

Mel. Don't trifle with me.

Sharp. Then since you will have it, Madam—I lost my coat in defence of your reputation.

Mel. In defence of my reputation!

Sharp. I will assure you, Madam, I've suffer'd very much in defence of it! which is more than I would have done for my own.

Mel. Prithee explain.

Sharp. In short, Madam, you was seen about a month ago to make a visit to my master alone.

Mel. Alone! my servant was with me.

Sharp. What, Mrs. Kitty? So much the worse; for she was looked upon as my property, and I was brought in guilty as well as you and my master.

Kit. What, your property, jackanapes?

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. Why, Madam, as I came out but now to make preparation for you and your company to-night, Mrs. Pry-about, the attorney's wife at next door, calls to me; Harkee, fellow, says she, do you and your modest master know, that my husband shall indict your house at the next parish meeting, for a nuisance?

Mel. A nuisance!

Sharp. I said so—A nuisance! I believe none in the neighbourhood live with more decency and regularity than I and my master—as is really the case—Decency and regularity! cries she, with a sneer—why, sirrah, does not my window look into your master's bed-chamber? and did not he bring in a certain lady such a day? describing you, Madam, And did not I see—

Mel. See! O scandalous! What?

Sharp. Modesty requires my silence.

Mel. Did not you contradict her?

Sharp. Contradict her! Why, I told her, I wa sure she ly'd: for, zounds! said I, (for I could n help swearing), I am so well convinced of the lady and my master's prudence, that I am sure, had the a mind to amuse themselves, they would certainl have drawn the window-curtains.

Mel. What, did you say nothing else? Did not yo convince her of her error and impertinence?

Sharp. She swore to such things, that I could d nothing but swear and call names; upon which, ou bolts her husband upon me, with a fine taper crab i his hand, and fell upon me with such violence, tha being half delirious, I made a full confession.

Mel. A full confession! What did you confess?

Sharp. That my master lov'd fornication; tha you had no aversion to it; that Mrs. Kitty was bawd, and your humble servant a pimp.

Kit. A bawd! a bawd! Do I look like a bawd Madam?

Sharp. And so, Madam, in the scuffle, my coa was torn to pieces as well as your reputation.

Mel. And so you join'd to make me infamous!

Sharp. For heaven's sake, Madam, what could do? His proofs fell so thick upon me, as witnes my head, (*shewing his head plaster'd*) that I woul have given up all the maidenheads in the kingdom rather than have my brains beat to a jelly.

Mel. Very well!—but I'll be revenged—And di not you tell your master of this?

Sharp. Tell him! No, Madam. Had I told him, his love is so violent for you, that he would certainly have murdered half the attornies in town by this time.

Mel. Very well!—But I'm resolv'd not to go to your master's to-night.

Sharp. Heavens and my impudence be praised! [*Aside.*

Kit. Why not, Madam? If you are not guilty, face your accusers.

Sharp. Oh the devil! ruin'd again! (*Aside.*)—To be sure, face 'em by all means, Madam——They can but be abusive, and break the windows a little—Besides, Madam, I have thought of a way to make this affair quite diverting to you——I have a fine blunderbuss, charg'd with half a hundred slugs, and my Master has a delicate large Swiss broad sword; and between us, Madam, we shall so pepper and slice 'em, that you will die with laughing.

Mel. What, at murder?

Kit. Don't fear, Madam, there will be no murder if Sharp's concern'd.

Sharp. Murder, Madam! 'Tis self-defence. Besides, in these sort of skirmishes, there are never more than two or three kill'd: for supposing they bring the whole body of militia upon us, down but with a brace of them, and away fly the rest of the covey.

Mel. Persuade me ever so much, I won't go; that's my resolution.

Kit. Why, then, I'll tell you what, Madam since you are resolved not to go to the supper, sup pose the supper was to come to you. 'Tis a gre pity such preparations as Mr. Sharp has mad should be thrown away.

Sharp. So it is, as you say, Mrs. Kitty. But can immediately run back, and unbespeak what have order'd; 'tis soon done.

Mel. But then what excuse can I send to you master? he'll be very uneasy at my not coming.

Sharp. Oh terribly so!—but I have it—I'll te him you are very much out of order—that you we suddenly taken with the vapours or qualms, or wh you please, Madam.

Mel. I'll leave it to you, Sharp, to make my ap logy; and there's half-a-guinea for you to help yo invention.

Sharp. Half-a-guinea!—'Tis so long since I h any thing to do with money, that I scarcely kno the current coin of my own country. Oh, Shar what talents hast thou! to secure thy master, d ceive his mistress, outlie her chambermaid, and y be paid for thy honesty! But my joy will discov me. (*Aside.*)—Madam, you have eternally fix Timothy Sharp your most obedient humble serva —Oh the delights of impudence and a good unde standing. [*Exit Shar*

Kit. Ha, ha, ha! was there ever such a lyi varlet! with his slugs and his broad swords, his a torneys and broken heads, and nonsense? We Madam, are you satisfied now? Do you want mo proofs?

Mel. Of your modesty I do: But I find you are resolv'd to give me none.

Kit. Madam!

Mel. I see through your little mean artifice: you are endeavouring to lessen Mr. Gayléss in my opinion, because he has not paid you for services he had no occasion for.

Kit. Pay me, Madam! I am sure I have very little occasion to be angry with Mr. Gayless for not paying me, when I believe 'tis his general practice.

Mel. 'Tis false? he's a gentleman, and a man of honour, and you are——

Kit. Not in love, I thank heav'n! [*Curtsying.*

Mel. You are a fool.

Ket. I have been in love; but I am much wiser now.

Mel. Hold your tongue, impertinence!

Kit. That's the severest thing she has said yet. [*Aside.*

Mel. Leave me.

Kit. Oh this love, this love is the devil! [*Exit Kitty.*

Mel. We discover our weaknesses to our servants, make them our confidants, put 'em upon an equality with us, and so they become our advisers.—Sharp's behaviour, though I seem'd to disregard it, makes me tremble with apprehensions! and though I have pretended to be angry with Kitty for her advice, I think it of too much consequence to be neglected.

Enter KITTY.

Kit. May I speak, Madam?

Mel. Don't be a fool. What do you want?

Kit. There is a servant just come out of the country, says he belongs to Sir William Gayless, and has got a letter for you from his master upon very urgent business.

Mel. Sir William Gayless? What can this mean? Where is the man?

Kit. In the little parlour, Madam.

Mel. I'll go to him—My heart flutters strangely! [*Exit Melissa.*

Kit. Oh woman, woman, foolish woman! she'll certainly have this Gayless; nay, were she as well convinc'd of his poverty as I am, she'd have him.—A strong dose of love is worse than one of ratafia, when it once gets into our heads, it trips up our heels, and then good night to discretion. Here is she going to throw away fifteen thousand pounds upon what? Faith, little better than nothing.—He's a man, and that's all—and, Heav'n knows! mere man is but small consolation.

Be this advice pursu'd by each fond maid,
Ne'er slight the substance for an empty shade:
Rich weighty sparks alone should please and charm ye
For should spouse cool, his gold will always warm ye.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter GAYLESS *and* SHARP.

Gayless.

PRITHEE be serious, Sharp. Hast thou really succeeded?

Sharp. To our wishes, Sir. In short, I have managed the business with such skill and dexterity, that neither your circumstances nor my veracity are suspected.

Gay. But how hast thou excused me from the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. Beyond expectation, Sir—But in that particular, I was obliged to have recourse to truth, and declare the real situation of your affairs. I told her, we had so long disused ourselves to dressing either dinners or suppers, that I was afraid we should be but aukward in our preparations. In short, Sir,—at that instant a cursed knawing seized my stomach, that I could not help telling her, that both you and myself seldom make a good meal, now-a-days, once in a quarter of a year.

Gay. Hell and confusion! have you betray'd me, villain? Did you not tell me this moment, she did not in the least suspect my circumstances?

Sharp. No more she did, Sir, till I told her.

Gay. Very well; and was this your skill and dexterity?

Sharp. I was going to tell you; but you won't hear reason: my melancholy face and piteous narration had such an effect upon her generous bowels, that she freely forgives all that's past.

Gay. Does she, Sharp?

Sharp. Yes, and desires never to see your face again; and, as a farther consideration for so doing, she has sent you half-a-guinea. [*Shows the money.*

Gay. What do you mean?

Sharp. To spend it, spend it; and regale.

Gay. Villain, you have undone me!

Sharp. What, by bringing you money, when you are not worth a farthing in the whole world! Well, well, then, to make you happy again, I'll keep it myself; and wish somebody would take it in their head to load me with such misfortunes.

[*Puts up the money.*

Gay. Do you laugh at me, rascal?

Sharp. Who deserves more to be laughed at? ha, ha, ha! Never for the future, Sir, dispute the success of my negociations, when even you, who know me so well, can't help swallowing my hook. Why, Sir, I could have played with you backwards and forwards at the end of my line, till I had put your senses into such a fermentation, that you should not have known in an hour's time whether you was a fish or a man.

Gay, Why, what is all this you have been telling me?

Sharp. A downright lie from beginning to end.

Gay. And have you really excused me to her?

Sharp. No, Sir; but I have got this half-guinea to make her excuses to you; and instead of a confederacy between you and me to deceive her, she thinks she has brought me over to put the deceit upon you.

Gay. Thou excellent fellow!

Sharp. Don't lose time, but slip out of the house immediately; the back way, I believe, will be the safest for you, and to her as fast as you can; pretend vast surprise and concern that her indisposition has debarr'd you the pleasure of her company here to-night: You need know no more; away.

Gay. But what shall we do, Sharp? Here's her maid again.

Sharp. The devil she is——I wish I could poison her: for I'm sure, while she lives, I can never prosper.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Your door was open; so I did not stand upon ceremony.

Gay I am sorry to hear your mistress is taken so suddenly.

Kit. Vapours, vapours only, Sir; a few matrimonial omens, that's all; but I suppose Mr. Sharp has made her excuses.

Gay. And tells me I can't have the pleasure of her company to-night. I had made a small preparation; but 'tis no matter: Sharp shall go to the rest of the company, and let them know 'tis put off.

Kit. Not for the world, Sir: my mistress was sen-

sible you must have provided for her and the rest of the company; so she is resolved, tho' she can't, that other ladies and gentlemen shall partake of your entertainment: she's very good-natur'd.

Sharp. I had better run and let 'em know 'tis deferr'd. [*Going.*

Kitty. (*stopping him.*) I have been with 'em already and told 'em my mistress insists upon their coming, and they have all promised to be here: so pray don't be under any apprehensions that your preparations will be thrown away.

Gay. But as I can't have her company, Mrs. Kitty, 'twill be a greater pleasure to me, and a greater compliment to her, to defer our mirth; besides, I can't enjoy any thing at present, and she not partake of it.

Kit. Oh, no, to be sure; but what can I do? My mistress will have it so; and Mrs. Gad-about, and the rest of the company, will be here in a few minutes; there are two or three coachfuls of 'em.

Sharp. Then my master must be ruin'd, in spite of my parts. [*Aside.*

Gay. (*aside to Sharp.*) 'Tis all over, Sharp.

Sharp. I know it, Sir.

Gay. I shall go distracted; what shall I do?

Sharp. Why, Sir, as our rooms are a little out of furniture at present, take 'em into the captain's that lodges here, and set 'em down to cards: if he should come in the mean time, I'll excuse you to him.

Kit. I have disconcerted their affairs, I find; I'll have some sport with 'em. Pray Mr. Gayless, don't

order too many things: they only make you a friendly visit; the more ceremony, you know, the less welcome. Pray, Sir, let me intreat you not to be profuse. If I can be of service, pray command me; my mistress has sent me on purpose: while Mr. Sharp is doing the business without doors, I may be employed within. If you'll lend me the keys of your side-board, *(to Sharp)*, I'll dispose of your plate to the best advantage.

Sharp. Thank you, Mrs. Kitty; but it is disposed of already. [*Knocking at the door.*

Kit. Bless me, the company's come! I'll go to the door and conduct 'em into your presence.

[*Exit Kitty.*

Sharp. If you'd conduct 'em into a horse-pond, and wait of 'em there yourself, we should be more obliged to you.

Gay. I can never support this.

Sharp. Rouse your spirits, and put on an air of gaiety, and I don't despair of bringing you off yet.

Gay. Your words have done it effectually.

Enter Mrs. GAD-ABOUT, *'her daughter and nicee,' Mr.* GUTTLE, *Mr.* TRIPPET, *and Mrs.* TRIPPET.

Gad. Ah, my dear Mr. Gayless! [*Kisses him.*

Gay. My dear widow! [*Kisses her.*

Gad. We are come to give you joy, Mr. Gayless.

Sharp. You never was more mistaken in your life. [*Aside.*

Gad. I have brought some company here, I believe, is not well known to you; and I protest I have

been all about the town to get the little I have—
'Prissy, my dear—Mr. Gayless, my daughter.

'*Gay.* And as handsome as her mother: yo
'must have a husband shortly, my dear.

'*Prissy.* I'll assure you I don't despair, Sir.

'*Gad.* My niece too.

'*Gay.* I know by her eyes she belongs to you, wi
'dow.

'*Gad.*' Mr. Guttle, Sir, Mr. Gayless;—Mr. Ga
less, Justice Guttle.

Sharp. Oh, destruction! one of the quorum.

Gut. Hem! Though I had not the honour of a
personal knowledge of you, yet at the instigation
Mrs. Gad-about, I have, without any previous a
quaintance with you, throw'd aside all ceremony,
let you know that I joy to hear the solemnization
your nuptials is so near at hand.

Gay. Sir, though I cannot answer you with th
same elocution, however, Sir, I thank you with th
same sincerity.

Gad. Mr. and Mrs. Trippet, Sir; the propere
lady in the world for your purpose, for she'll dan
for four and twenty hours together.

Trip. My dear Charles, I am very angry with yo
faith; so near marriage, and not let me know, 'tw
barbarous: you thought, I suppose, I should ra
you upon it; but dear Mrs. Trippet here has lo
ago eradicated all my antimatrimonial principles.

Mrs. Trip. I eradicate! fie, Mr. Trippet, do
be so obscene.

Kit. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room; M

Sharp can't lay his cloth till you are set down to cards.

Gad. One thing I had quite forgot, Mr. Gayless: my nephew, whom you never saw, will be in town from France presently; so I left word to send him here immediately to make one.

Gay. You do me honour, Madam.

Sharp. Do the ladies choose cards or the supper first?

Gay. Supper! what does the fellow mean?

Gut. Oh, the supper by all means; for I have eaten nothing to signify since dinner.

Sharp. Nor I since last Monday was a fortnight. [*Aside.*

Gay. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room: Sharp, set things ready for supper, and call the music.

Sharp. Well said, Master.

Gad. Without ceremony, ladies. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Kit. I'll to my mistress, and let her know every thing is ready for her appearance. [*Exit Kitty.*

GUTTLE *and* SHARP.

Gut. Pray, Mr. what's your name, don't be long with supper: But harkee, what can I do in the mean time? Suppose you get me a pipe and some good time, I'll try to divert myself that way till supper's ready.

Sharp. Or suppose, Sir, you was to take a nap till then, there's a very easy couch in that closet.

Gut. The best thing in the world; I'll take your

advice; but be sure you wake me when supper is ready. [*Exit Guttle.*

Sharp. Pray Heav'n you may not wake till then—What a fine situation my master is in at present! I have promised him my assistance; but his affairs are in so desperate a way, that I am afraid 'tis out of my skill to recover him. Well, fools have fortune, says an old proverb, and a very true one it is; for my master and I are two of the most unfortunate mortals in the creation.

Enter GAYLESS.

Gay. Well, Sharp, I have set 'em down to cards, and now what have you to propose?

Sharp. I have one scheme left, which in all probability may succeed. The good citizen, overloaded with his last meal, is taking a nap in that closet, in order to get him an appetite for your's. Suppose, Sir, we should make him treat us.

Gay. I don't understand you.

Sharp. I'll pick his pocket, and provide us a supper with the booty.

Gay. Monstrous! for without considering the villainy of it, the danger of waking him makes it impracticable!

Sharp. If he wakes, I'll smother him, and lay his death to indigestion—a very common death among the justices.

Gay. Prithee be serious; we have no time to lose; can you invent nothing to drive 'em out of the house?

Sharp. I can fire it.

Gay. Shame and confusion so perplex me, I cannot give myself a moment's thought.

Sharp. I have it; did not Mrs. Gad-about say her nephew would be here?

Gay. She did.

Sharp. Say no more, but in to your company: if I don't send 'em out of the house for the night, I'll at least frighten their stomachs away; and if this stratagem fails, I'll relinquish politics, and think my understanding no better than my neighbours.

Gay. How shall I reward thee, Sharp?

Sharp. By your silence and obedience: away to your company, Sir. (*Exit Gayless.*)—Now, dear Madam Fortune, for once open your eyes, and behold a poor unfortunate man of parts addressing you: now is your time to convince your foes, you are not that blind whimsical whore they take you for; but let 'em see, by your assisting me, that men of sense, as well as fools, are sometimes intitled to your favour and protection.——So much for prayer; now for a great noise and a lie. (*Goes aside and cries out*) Help, help, master! help, gentlemen, ladies! Murder, fire, brimstone!——Help, help, help!

Enter Mr. GAYLESS *and the Ladies with cards in their hands, and* SHARP *enters running and meets 'em.*

Gay. What's the matter?

Sharp. Matter, Sir! if you don't run this minute with that gentleman, this lady's nephew will be murder'd: I am sure it was he; he was set upon at the

corner of the street by four; he has kill'd two; an
if you don't make haste, he'll be either murdered o
took to prison.

Gad. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, run to hi
assistance. How I tremble for Melissa! This froli
of her's may be fatal. [*Aside*

Gay. Draw, Sir, and follow me.

[*Exit Gay. and Gad*

Trip. Not I; I don't care to run myself into need
less quarrels; I have suffered too much formerly b
flying into passions: besides, I have pawn'd my ho
nour to Mrs. Trippet, never to draw my swor
again; and in her present condition, to break m
word might have fatal consequences.

Sharp. Pray, Sir, don't excuse yourself; the youn
gentleman may be murder'd by this time.

Trip. Then my assistance will be of no service t
him: however——I'll go to oblige you, and look o
at a distance.

Mrs. Trip. I shall certainly faint, Mr. Trippet, i
you draw.

Enter GUTTLE, *disordered as from sleep.*

Gut. What noise and confusion is this?

Sharp. Sir, there's a man murder'd in th
street.

Gut. Is that all?——Zounds, I was afraid yo
had throw'd the supper down—A plague of you
noise——I shan't recover my stomach this ha
hour.

Enter GAYLESS *and* GAD-ABOUT, *with* MELISSA *in boy's cloaths, dressed in the French manner.*

Gad. Well, but my dear Jemmy, you are not hurt, sure?

Mel. A little with riding post only.

Gad. Mr. Sharp alarm'd us all with an account of your being set upon by four men; that you had kill'd two, and was attacking the other when he came away; and when we met you at the door, we were running to your rescue.

Mel. I had a small rencounter with half a-dozen villains; but finding me resolute, they were wise enough to take to their heels: I believe I scratch'd some of 'em. [*Laying her hand to her sword.*

Sharp. His vanity has sav'd my credit. I have a thought come into my head may prove to our advantage, provided Monsieur's ignorance bears any proportion to his impudence. [*Aside.*

Gad. Now my fright's over, let me introduce you, my dear, to Mr. Gayless. Sir, this is my nephew.

Gay. (saluting her.) Sir, I shall be proud of your friendship.

Mel. I don't doubt but we shall be better acquainted in a little time.

Gut. Pray, Sir, what news in France?

Mel. Faith, Sir, very little that I know of in the political way: I had no time to spend among the politicians. I was——

Gay. Among the ladies, I suppose.

Mel. Too much indeed. Faith, I have not phi-

losophy enough to resist their solicitations; you take me. [*To Gayless aside.*

Gay. Yes, to be a most incorrigible fop: 'sdeath, this puppy's impertinence is an addition to my misery. [*Aside to Sharp.*

Mel. Poor Gayless! to what shifts is he reduced! I cannot bear to see him much longer in this condition; I shall discover myself. [*Aside to Gad-about.*

Gad. Not before the end of the play: besides the more his pain now, the greater his pleasure when relieved from it.

Trip. Shall we return to our cards? I have a *sans prendre* here, and must insist you play it out.

Ladies. With all my heart.

Mel. Alons donc.——(*As the company goes out, Sharp pulls Melissa by the sleeve.*)

Sharp. Sir, Sir! Shall I beg leave to speak with you? Pray, did you find a bank-note in your way hither?

Mel. What, between here and Dover do you mean?

Sharp. No, Sir, within twenty or thirty yards of this house.

Mel. You are drunk, fellow.

Sharp. I am undone, Sir, but not drunk, I'll assure you.

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. I'll tell you, Sir: A little while ago, my master sent me out to change a note of twenty pounds; but I unfortunately hearing a noise in the street of, Damn-me, Sir, and clashing of swords

and Rascal, and Murder, I runs up to the place, and saw four men upon one: and having heard you was a mettlesome young gentleman, I immediately concluded it must be you; so ran back to call my master; and when I went to look for the note to change it, I found it gone, either stole or lost; and if I don't get the money immediately, I shall certainly be turned out of my place, and lose my character——

Mel. I shall laugh in his face. (*Aside.*)——Oh, I'll speak to your master about it, and he will forgive you at my intercession.

Sharp. Ah, Sir, you don't know my master.

Mel. I'm very little acquainted with him; but I have heard he's a very good-natured man.

Sharp. I have heard so too; but I have felt it otherwise: he has so much good-nature, that if I could compound for one broken-head a day, I should think myself very well off.

Mel. Are you serious, friend?

Sharp. Look ye, Sir, I take you for a man of honour; there is something in your face that is generous, open, and masculine; you don't look like a foppish effeminate tell-tale; so I'll venture to trust you——See here, Sir, (*shows his head*), these are the effects of my master's good-nature.

Mel. Matchless impudence! (*Aside.*)—Why do you live with him then after such usage?

Sharp. He's worth a great deal of money; and when he's drunk, which is commonly once a-day, he's very free, and will give me any thing: but I

design to leave him when he's married, for all that.

Mel. Is he going to be married then?

Sharp. To-morrow, Sir; and between you and I, he'll meet with his match, both for humour and something else too.

Mel. What, she drinks too?

Sharp. Damnably, Sir; but mum—You must know this entertainment was design'd for madam to-night; but she got so very gay after dinner, that she could not walk out of her own house; so her maid, who was half gone too, came here with an excuse, that Mrs. Melissa had got the vapours; and so she had indeed violently, here, here, Sir.

[*Pointing to his head.*

Mel. This is scarcely to be borne (*Aside.*)—Melissa! I have heard of her; they say she's very whimsical.

Sharp. A very woman, an't please your honour; and, between you and I, none of the mildest and wisest of her sex—But to return, Sir, to the twenty pounds.

Mel. I am surprised, you who have got so much money in his service, should be at a loss for twenty pounds to save your bones at this juncture.

Sharp. I have put all my money out at interest; I never keep above five pounds by me; and if your honour would lend me the other fifteen, and take my note for it. [*Knocking.*

Mel. Somebody's at the door.

Sharp. I can give very good security. [*Knocking.*

Mel. Don't let the people wait, Mr.——

Sharp. Ten pounds will do. [*Knocking.*

Mel. Allez vous en.

Sharp. Five, Sir. [*Knocking.*

Mel. Je ne puis pa.

Sharp. Je ne puis pas!—I find we shan't understand one another; I do but lose time; and if I had any thought, I might have known these young fops return from their travels generally with as little money as improvement. [*Exit Sharp.*

Mel. Ha, ha, ha! what lies does this fellow invent, and what rogueries does he commit, for his master's service! There never, sure, was a more faithful servant to his master, or a greater rogue to the rest of mankind. But here he comes again: the plot thickens; I'll in and observe Gayless.

[*Exit Melissa.*

Enter SHARP *before several persons with dishes in their hands, and a cook drunk.*

Sharp. Fortune, I thank thee; the most lucky accident! (*Aside.*)—This way, gentlemen; this way.

Cook. I am afraid I have mistook the house. Is this Mr. Treatwell's?

Sharp. The same, the same: What, don't you know me?

Cook. Know you!—Are you sure there was a supper bespoke here?

Sharp. Yes, upon my honour, Mr. Cook; the company is in the next room, and must have gone without, had not you brought it. I'll draw a table.

I see you have brought a cloth with you; but you need not have done that, for we have a very good stock of linen—at the pawnbroker's [*Aside.*—

[*Exit, and returns immediately drawing in a table.* Come, come, my boys, be quick; the company began to be very uneasy; but I knew my old friend Lick-spit here would not fail us.

Cook. Lick-spit! I am no friend of your's; so I desire less familiarity: Lick-spit too!

Enter GAYLESS, *and stares.*

Gay. What is all this?

Sharp. Sir, if the sight of the supper is offensive, I can easily have it removed. [*Aside to Gayless.*

Gay. Prithee explain thyself, Sharp.

Sharp. Some of our neighbours, I suppose, have bespoke this supper; but the cook has drank away his memory, forgot the house, and brought it here: however, Sir, if you dislike it, I'll tell him of his mistake, and send him about his business.

Gay. Hold, hold; necessity obliges me, against my inclination, to favour the cheat, and feast at my neighbour's expence.

Cook. Hark you, friend, is that your master?

Sharp. Ay; and the best master in the world.

Cook. I'll speak to him then—Sir, I have, according to your commands, dress'd as genteel a supper as my art and your price would admit of.

Sharp. Good again, Sir; 'tis paid for.

[*Aside to Gayless.*

Gay. I don't in the least question your abilities, Mr. Cook; and I'm obliged to you for your care.

Cook. Sir, you are a gentleman—And if you would look but over the bill, and approve it, *(pulls out a bill,)* you will over and above return the obligation.

Sharp. Oh the devil!

Gay. (looking on a bill.)—Very well, I'll send my man to pay you to-morrow.

Cook. I'll spare him the trouble, and take it with me, Sir—I never work but for ready money.

Gay. Ha!

Sharp. Then you won't have our custom—(*Aside.*)—My master is busy now, friend: Do you think he won't pay pay you?

Cook. No matter what I think; either my meat or my money.

Sharp. 'Twill be very ill-convenient for him to pay you to-night.

Cook. Then I'm afraid it will be ill-convenient to pay me to-morrow; so, d'ye hear—

Enter MELISSA.

Gay. Prithee be advis'd: 'sdeath, I shall be discover'd. [*Takes the Cook aside.*

Mel. (*to Sharp.*) What's the matter?

Sharp. The cook has not quite answer'd my master's expectations about the supper, Sir, and he's a little angry at him; that's all.

Mel. Come, come, Mr. Gayless, don't be uneasy a bachelor cannot be supposed to have things in the utmost regularity; we don't expect it.

Cook. But I do expect it, and will have it.

Mel. What does that drunken fool say?

Cook. That I will have my money, and I won't stay till to-morrow—and, and—

Sharp. (runs and stops his mouth.)—Hold, hold! what are you doing? Are you mad?

Mel. What do you stop the man's breath for?

Sharp. Sir, he was going to call you names.—Don't be abusive, Cook; the gentleman is a man of honour, and said nothing to you: pray be pacify'd, you are in liquor.

Cook. I will have my—

Sharp (holding still.) Why, I tell you, fool, you mistake the gentleman; he's a friend of my master's, and has not said a word to you.——Pray, good Sir, go into the next room; the fellow's drunk, and takes you for another.—You'll repent this when you are sober, friend.—Pray, Sir, don't stay to hear his impertinence.

Gay. Pray, Sir, walk in—He's below your anger.

Mel. Damn the rascal! What does he mean by affronting me?——Let the scoundrel go, I'll polish his brutality, I warrant you. Here's the best reformer of manners in the universe. *(Draws his sword.)*—Let him go, I say.

Sharp. So, so, you have done finely now—Get away as fast as you can; he's the most courageous mettlesome man in all England——Why, if his passion was up, he could eat you—Make your escape, you fool.

PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE

R. Ryley del. Printed for J. Parsons, 21. Paternoster Row Mar 1794 F. Sargent sculp

Cook. I won't—Eat me! he'll find me damn'd hard of digestion though—

Sharp. Prithee come here; let me speak with you.

[*They walk aside.*

Enter KITTY.

Kit. Gad's me, is supper on the table already?—Sir, pray defer it for a few moments; my mistress is much better, and will be here immediately.

Gay. Will she, indeed? Bless me—I did not expect—but however—Sharp!

Kit. What success, Madam? [*Aside to Melissa.*

Mel. As we could wish, girl—but he is in such pain and perplexity, I can't hold it out much longer.

Kit. Ay, that holding out is the ruin of half our sex.

Sharp. I have pacify'd the cook; and if you can but borrow twenty pieces of that young prig, all may go well yet: you may succeed, though I could not. Remember what I told you—about it straight, Sir—

Gay. Sir, Sir, (*to Melissa*), I beg to speak a word with you: My servant, Sir, tells me he has had the misfortune, Sir, to lose a note of mine of twenty pounds, which I sent him to receive—and the banker's shop's being shut up, and having very little cash by me, I should be much obliged to you if you would favour me with twenty pieces till to-morrow.

Mel. Oh, Sir, with all my heart, (*taking out her purse*); and as I have a small favour to beg of you, Sir, the obligation will be mutual.

Gay. How may I oblige you, Sir?

Mel. You are to be marry'd, I hear, to Melissa

Gay. To-morrow, Sir.

Mel. Then you'll oblige me, Sir, by never seein her again.

Gay. Do you call this a small favour, Sir?

Mel. A mere trifle, Sir—Breaking of contract suing for divorces, committing adultery, and suc like, are all reckon'd trifles now-a-days; and sma young fellows, like you and myself, Gayless, shoul be never out of fashion.

Gay. But pray, Sir, how are you concern'd in thi affair?

Mel. Oh, Sir, you must know I have a very grea regard for Melissa, and indeed she for me: and b the bye, I have a most despicable opinion of you for, *entre nous*, I take you, Charles, to be a ver great scoundrel.

Gay. Sir!

Mel. Nay, don't look fierce, Sir, and give your self airs——Damme, Sir, I shall be through you body else in the snapping of a finger.

Gay. I'll be as quick as you, villain!

[*Draws and makes at Melissa*

Kit. Hold, hold, murder! you'll kill my mis tress—the young gentleman, I mean.

Gay. Ah, her mistress! [*Drops his sword*

Sharp. How! Melissa!—nay, then, drive away cart—all's over now.

Enter all the COMPANY *laughing.*

Gad. What, Mr. Gayless, engaging with Melissa before your time? Ha, ha, ha!

Kit. Your humble servant, good Mr. Politician *(to Sharp.)* This is, gentleman and ladies, the most celebrated and ingenious Timothy Sharp, schemer-general and redoubted 'squire to the most renowned and fortunate adventurer Charles Gayless, knight of the Woeful Countenance: Ha, ha, ha!—Oh that dismal face, and more dismal head of yours.

[*Strikes Sharp upon the head.*

Sharp. 'Tis cruel in you to disturb a man in his last agonies.

Mel. Now, Mr. Gayless!—What, not a word? You are sensible I can be no stranger to your misfortunes; and I might reasonably expect an excuse for your ill treatment of me.

Gay. No, Madam, silence is my only refuge; for to endeavour to vindicate my crimes, would show a greater want of virtue than even the commission of them.

Mel. Oh, Gayless! 'twas poor to impose upon a woman, and one that lov'd you too!

Gay. Oh, most unpardonable; but my necessities ——

Sharp. And mine, Madam, were not to be match'd, I'm sure, o' this side starving.

Mel. His tears have softened me at once——Your necessities, Mr. Gayless, with such real contrition,

are too powerful motives not not affect the breast already prejudic'd in your favour.——You have suffer'd too much already for your extravagance; and as I take part in your sufferings, 'tis easing myself to relieve you: Know, therefore, all that's past I freely forgive.

Gay. You cannot mean it, sure? I am lost in wonder!

Mel. Prepare yourself for more wonder—You have another friend in masquerade here. Mr. Cook, pray throw aside your drunkenness, and make your sober appearance.——Don't you know that face, Sir?

Cook. Ay, master, what, have you forgot your friend Dick, as you us'd to call me?

Gay. More wonder indeed! Don't you live with my father?

Mel. Just after your hopeful servant there had left me, comes this man from Sir William with a letter to me; 'upon which (being by that wholly con-'vinced of your necessitous condition) I invented, 'by the help of Kitty and Mrs. Gad-about, this 'little plot, in which your friend Dick there has 'acted miracles, resolving to tease you a little, that 'you might have a greater relish for a happy turn 'in your affairs.' Now, Sir, read 'that letter,' and complete your joy.

Gay. (reads.) "Madam, I am father to the un-"fortunate young man, who, I hear by a friend of "mine, (that by my desire has been a continual

" spy upon him), is making his addresses to you: " if he is so happy as to make himself agreeable to " you, (whose character I am charmed with), I " shall own him with joy for my son, and forget " his former follies.

" I am, Madam,

" Your most humble servant,

" WILLIAM GAYLESS."

" *P. S.* I will be soon in town myself to congra- " tulate his late reformation and marriage."

Oh, Melissa, this is too much: Thus let me show my thanks and gratitude, *(kneeling, she raises him)*; for here 'tis only due.

Sharp. A reprieve! a reprieve! a reprieve!

Kit. I have been, Sir, a most bitter enemy to you; but since you are likely to be a little more conversant with cash than you have been, I am now, with the greatest sincerity, your most obedient friend and humble servant. And I hope, Sir, all former enmity will be forgotten.

Gay. Oh, Mrs. Pry, I have been too much indulged with forgiveness myself, not to forgive lesser offences in other people.

Sharp. Well, then, Madam, since my master has vouchsaf'd pardon to your handmaid Kitty, I hope you'll not deny it to his footman Timothy.

Mel. Pardon! for what?

Sharp. Only for telling you about ten thousand lies, Madam; and, among the rest, insinuating that your Ladyship would—

Mel. I understand you; and can forgive any thing, Sharp, that was design'd for the service of your master: and if Pry and you will follow our example, I'll give her a small fortune as a reward for both your fidelities.

Sharp. I fancy, Madam, 'twould be better to halve the small fortune between us, and keep us both single; for as we shall live in the same house, in all probability, we may taste the comforts of matrimony, and not be troubled with its inconveniencies——What say you, Kitty?

Kit. Do you hear, Sharp: before you talk of the comforts of matrimony, taste the comforts of a good dinner, and recover your flesh a little; do, puppy.

Sharp. The devil backs her, that's certain; and I am no match for her at any weapon.

Mel. And now, Mr. Gayless, to show I have not provided for you by halves, let the music prepare themselves, and, with the approbation of the company, we'll have a dance.

All. By all means a dance.

Gut. By all means a dance—after supper tho'.

Sharp. Oh, pray, Sir, have supper first, or I'm sure I shan't live till the dance is finish'd.

Gay. Behold, Melissa, as sincere a convert as ever truth and beauty made. The wild impetuous sallies of my youth are now blown over, and a most pleasing calm of perfect happiness succeeds.

Thus Ætna's flames the verdant earth consume,
But milder heat makes drooping nature bloom:
So virtuous love affords us springing joy,
Whilst vicious passions, as they burn, destroy.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

THAT I'm a lying rogue, you all agree;
And yet look round the world and you will see
How many more, my betters, lie as fast as me.
Against this vice we all are ever railing,
And yet so tempting is it, so prevailing,
You'll find but few without this useful failing.
Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
The lie goes round, and the ball's never still.
My lies were harmless, told to shew my parts;
And not like those, when tongues belie their hearts.
In all professions you will find this flaw;
And in the gravest too, in Physic and in Law.
The gouty Serjeant cries, with formal pause,
"Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the cause."
But when my Lord decrees for t'other side,
Your costs of suit convince you—that he ly'd.
A Doctor comes with formal wig and face,
First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your case:
"Your fever's slight, not dang'rous, I assure you;
"Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, Sir, will cure you."
Around the bed, next day, his friends are crying:
The patient dies, the Doctor's paid for lying.

The Poet, willing to secure the Pit,
Gives out, his play has humour, taste, and wit:
The cause comes on; and, while the judges try,
Each groan and catcal gives the bard the lie.
Now let us ask, pray, what the Ladies do:
They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.
"Lord," says the Prude, (her face behind her fan),
"How can our sex have any joy in man?
"As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me;
"And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve me;
"Their sight is odious; but their touch—O Gad!
"The thought of that's enough to drive one mad."
Thus rails at man the squeamish Lady Dainty;
Yet weds, at fifty-five, a rake of twenty,
In short, a Beau's intrigues, a Lover's sighs,
The Courtier's promise, the rich Widow's cries,
And Patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.
Sometimes you'll see a man belie his nation,
Nor to his country show the least relation.
For instance now———
A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,
A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
An Englishman a coward or a slave.
Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art;
I serv'd my master; play'd a faithful part:
Rank me not therefore 'mongst the lying crew;
For though my tongue was false my heart was true.